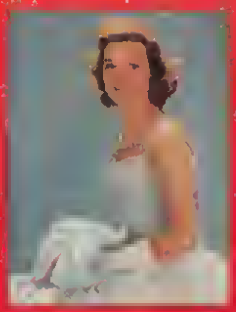
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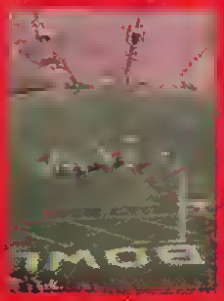
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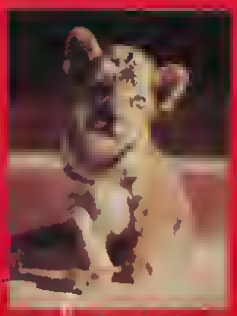


GLAMOROUS CHAMPIONS

BOWL PREVIEWS

SCOUTING REPORTS AND MEN TO WATCH





THE TIGER AND THE FLY

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE



BROMLEY BLIZZARD

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T





QUIZ BY GOREN



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THE 25 WINNERS FOR 1958



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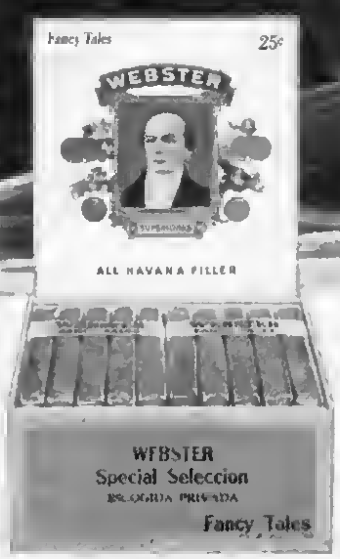
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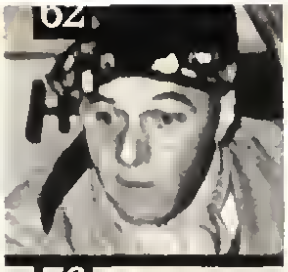
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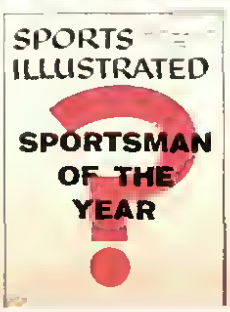




Next issue: Jan. 5

Our next issue salutes the outstanding people in sport for 1958 and especially praises the Sportsman of the Year, whose performance as athlete and man was "the revelation of pure excellence."

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SPECIAL TWO-IN-ONE ISSUE

The annual holiday magazine combines the Dec. 22 and Dec. 29 issues in one package

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GENERAL FOODS

GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

MEMO *from the publisher*

CHRISTMAS and New Year's Day combine to close one year and start another. Spanning them in spirit and in fact, this Special Holiday Issue becomes a two-in-one edition.

Our next issue is two weeks away—and opens 1959 by looking back on 1958 and naming SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year (who will be a guest of honor on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, Sunday, January 4). The issue will pay tribute also to the runners-up and to the choices of our staff members in their particular fields of sport.

Whoever he is, 1958's Sportsman will share with all sportsmen a quality less rare than wonderful: the talent to look back on his year and assess with good humor (or just plain humor) situations which did not entirely go his way.

HERE, looking back on 1958 for myself, are a few examples of what I mean, taken from "They Said It," our weekly box of quotations that appears in EVENTS & DISCOVERIES:

The Senators' Cookie Lavagetto, after Commissioner Frick reproved him for saying the Yankees would win by 15 games: "I wanted to get them overconfident so we could beat them."

Slater Martin, St. Louis Hawks' star: "The toughest part of guarding Bob Cousy is the temptation to stand back and admire him."

Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, attending the 75th birthday party of Ben Jones: "I've seen Ben cut many's the cake around the race track. But this is the first time I've ever known him to let someone else have a piece of it."

BUDDY MOORE, noting a sellout crowd before his Duquesne five played Cincinnati and their All-America Oscar Robertson: "*Everybody* wants to see Robertson—that is, everybody but me."

Bobby Shantz, pondering his Yankee contract: "They may be rich, but they ain't carelesa."

Maryland U's Miler Burr Grim, who spent the winter chasing Ron Delany across the finish line: "Look at the opportunities I've had to study. I'm the world's greatest authority on Delany's heels."

Sam Auld, foreman of the crew that built *Sceptre*: "Next time we'll have to build a boat wi' the bucket up ott the water."

They said it—and now SPORTS ILLUSTRATED joins men and women of good will everywhere in saying:

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

Harry Phillips

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, with normal preseason pessimism, grumbled morosely one day last week, "We're playing in the majors, and, hell, you just don't win in the majors with rookies. And that's what we got, except for Johnny Cox." But Rupp's neophyte Wildcats, acting as if they never heard the twangy Baron, strutted out and collected three more valuable victories, holding off suddenly rambunctious **Duke** 78–64, solving **SMU**'s zone defense to win 72–60 and then testing their dramatic abilities on national TV with a 76–67 decision over bigger **St. Louis**. The last was the best for Kentucky, which shook off the stubborn Billikens in the last eight minutes to win going away as old veteran Cox scored 27 points.

With Kentucky rambling, its SEC rivals continued to jockey for position in conference and independent games. **Mississippi State** had a close call when Bailey Howell was held to a mere four field goals (and 18 points) by **Murray State**, but finally edged the Thoroughbreds 63–62 and later defeated **Arkansas State** 72–57; **Georgia Tech** began to flex its muscles, beating old rival **Georgia** (a 76–72 winner over **South Carolina**) 73–66 and **Furman** 82–77; **Tennessee** continued to make like a contender, rallying to beat **Wake Forest** 61–50.

Unbeaten **West Virginia** skipped past **The Citadel** 89–61, then stormed and stewed when snowbound **Duke**, the only team to beat the Mountaineers in regular-season play last year, failed to show for a near-sellout crowd. Duke made it the next night and West Virginia crushed the Blue Devils 101–63. But after Duke came comeuppance by oft-beaten **Virginia**. Deadly outside shooting by Paul Adkins, who scored 25 points, and careless ballhandling by the fast-breaking Mountaineers resulted in a 75–72 West Virginia defeat. Observed Coach Fred Schaus: "We were flat."

Rallying to tie **Clemson** in the waning moments, **North Carolina State** pulled a strategy switch on the Tigers and made it work for a 56–54 victory to remain undefeated. With six seconds to play, Coach Ev Case shrewdly figured Clemson would be looking for sharpshooter Lou Pucillo to take the final shot. And they were. As three Tigers crowded Pucillo, the ball went to Dan Englehardt, who lofted in a jump shot for the winning goal. **North Carolina** stayed just behind State at the top of the ACC, rallying in the second half to trounce Virginia 83–61.

THE MIDWEST

The supposedly roughhouse Big Ten finally got its head above water against nonconference foes and began to take on a tough look from top to bottom. **Northwestern** used a 30-point spree by 6-foot 9-inch Joe Ruklick to level **Notre Dame** 68–63 for the Irish's first home loss in 19 games. Then **Wisconsin**, who was beaten



UP FOR TWO goes St. Louis' driving Tom Smith as Kentucky's Johnny Cox makes a futile effort to block shot in nationally televised game won by Wildcats 76–57.

11 straight, fumed long enough after Coach Bud Foster was hung in effigy to take its anger out on **Notre Dame** 56–54. **Purdue**'s veterans, still having trouble jelling, outscored **DePaul** 89–71 but blew a 17-point lead against **Evansville** and narrowly saved victory 83–82 when hustling Harvey Austin stole the ball and drove in for the winning basket. **Michigan State** was still unbeaten, and **Iowa**, **Minnesota**, **Indiana**, **Illinois**, **Michigan** and **Ohio State** also found the winning touch.

Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson, an expert at rendering opposing defenses impotent, found **Marshall** using a four-man box with a chaser but solved it easily, scoring 42 points as the Bearcats won 106–86. In the Mid-American, **Toledo**, upset by **Wittenberg** 66–63, surprised **Miami of Ohio** 81–63. Big Eight teams were jolted in nonconference play, with only **Oklahoma** (winner over **Iowa** and **Minnesota**), **Colorado** and **Kansas State** saving face.

Among the independents, **Xavier of Ohio** throttled **New Mexico A&M** 58–52, **Iona** 69–62 and **Detroit** 80–58; **Dayton** picked up a pair of hard-earned triumphs over **Miami of Ohio** 54–50 and **Stetson** 66–53; **Marquette** recovered from a 62–60 loss to **Nebraska** to beat **Creighton** 53–49 and **St. Norbert's** 82–74; **Bradley** won over **Louisville** 78–48 and **St. John's** 71–66.

THE EAST

Pitt's Don Hennon skittered through and around **Duquesne**'s defense for 33 points and got a helping hand from John Mills, who held big Bob Slobodnik to one field goal, as the Panthers won 71–56 to nail down the Steel Bowl title.

Elsewhere, unbeaten teams fell like dime bets in a sidewalk crap game as **Penn** upset **Army** 75–73; **Princeton** outclassed **Navy** 86–64; **George Washington** rallied to overhaul **Georgetown** 82–75; **Boston College**, beaten by **NYU** 81–70, romped over **Connecticut** 81–55; **Bradley** squinched by **St. John's** 71–66; **St. Joseph's** breezed past **Manhattan** 92–57. Among those which escaped unscathed were **Villanova**, **Niagara**, **St. Bonaventure**, **Holy Cross** and **LaSalle**.

THE WEST

California's Pete Newell and **San Francisco**'s Phil Woolpert, two of the West's wiliest defensive strategists, used all their bench genius to try to contain **Kansas State**'s Bob Boozer, but floor-fancy Boozer, as elusive as a greased eel in a tubful of fat, piled up 27 points against Cal as State won 68–55 and added 21 more in a 53–52 squeezer over the Dons. However, California came up with the big one, a 67–65 upset of **St. Mary's**. San Francisco had worse luck and lost to **TCU** 58–56. **UCLA** and **USC** held the line against invaders, taking turns beating **Kansas** and **Iowa State**.

With unfriendly neighbors like Utah and Brigham Young hogging most of the talent, smaller **Utah State** has had to take the dregs in recent years. But last week the dregs appeared tastier than usual. Big Bob Ipsen and jumping jack Hal Theus combined to score 82 points and led the Aggies past **West Texas State** 91–61 and **Washington State** 66–57. Meanwhile, hot-shooting **Utah** swamped **West Texas State** 93–68 and split a pair with **TCU** winning 76–64, and losing 71–66.

THE SOUTHWEST

Southwest Conference teams were still busy touring various ports of call and showing they could play in any man's league—some nights. **TCU**, **Texas Tech**, **SMU** and **Texas A&M** buzzed in and out of the South, Midwest and West with fair success, but the biggest prize was snared by low-rated **Baylor**, which set down defense-minded and always tough **Oklahoma State** 43–37. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL—*BOSTON, leader in NBA Eastern Division standings, ST LOUIS, leader in Western Division*

BOWLING—*EDDIE LUBANSKI, Detroit, one-time pitcher with St Louis Browns system, won world invitational game match championship and $5,000 top prize with 317.02 Petersen points at Chicago Runner-up was defending champion Don Carter, St Louis, with 310 02 points, third was Don Ellis, Chicago*

BOXING—*ARCHIE MOORE, venerable monument and light heavyweight world champion, 11-round KO (for 127th world-record KO) over Yvon Durelle in title defense at Montreal*
ERICHO SCHOEPPNER, 5-round KO over Champion Willie Hoepner to win European light-heavyweight title, Hamburg, Germany.
SPIDER WEBB over Terry Downes, British middleweight champion, after referee stopped fight at end of 8th round, London.
HOGAN (KID) BASSEY, featherweight world champion, unanimous 10-round decision over Ernesto Parra, nontitle fight, Hollywood
PAOLO ROSI, unanimous 10-round decision over Bobby Scanlon, lightweights, San Francisco

DOG SHOW—*AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB elected American Bloodhound Club to membership, thus gave breed formal representation in AKC for first time.*

FOOTBALL—*OKLAHOMA STATE over Florida State 15–6 in first annual Bluegrass Bowl, Louisville*
PRAIRIE VIEW, Texas, over Florida A&M 26–8 in Orange Blossom game for national Negro college championship, Miami
SANTA MONICA CITY COLLEGE over Northeastern Oklahoma A & M 30–12 in Junior Rose Bowl, Pasadena
ARIZONA STATE (Flagstaff) over Gustavus Adolphus (Minnesota) 41–12 in NAIA playoff, Tucson

FREE BALLOONING—*THE SMALL WORLD, balloon-gondola contraption fashioned by English adventurers, floated off from Canary Islands on proposed transatlantic crossing with crew of four (SI, Nov 17)*

GOLF—*GEORGE BAYER, Lemont, Ill., $15,000 Sanford, Fla. open, with 272 for 72 holes*

HARNESS RACING—*EMILY'S PRIDE, 3-year-old filly who won Hambletonian Trot, named Horse of the Year by U S Trotting Assn.*

HOCKEY—*MONTREAL first, Detroit second, Boston third in NHL standings*

HORSE RACING—*OLE FOLS' $21,950 San Bruno stakes, 1 m. 70 yds., by length, in 1.42, Tanforan, Don Pierce up*
JIMMER $11,375 City of Coral Gables H., 6 f., by neck, in 1.09, Tropical Park Larry Gilligan up.
CROSS CHANNEL $11,225 Pimlico Cup, 1 5/16 m., by 7 lengths, in 2.44 1/5, Pimlico Karl Korte up

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—*MIKE HAWTHORN, world champion racing driver for less than eight weeks, announced his retirement ("I've achieved my ambition") from big-time racing With circuit racing out, he said he might take part in "an occasional small rally" At the same time, ENZO FERRARI, who furnished winning cars for Hawthorn, announced he would no longer enter Ferraris in Italian races because of criticism of the sport there.*

SQUASH RACQUETS—*CALVIN MacCRACKEN, Englewood Field Club, retained Gold Racquets invitation tournament singles title with win over Ben Heckscher, Maryland Club, 18–16, 15–7, 15–7, at Cedarhurst, N Y*

SWIMMING—*UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO over University of Western Ontario in dual meet 57–22 in which Toronto, led by BILL YORZYK and BOB FISHER, set 10 Canadian records Best ones Yorzyk's 2 04 8 for 200-yard butterfly and Fisher's 2 13 7 for 200-yard backstroke*

TENNIS—*MAL ANDERSON, Victorian singles championship, over top-seeded Ashley Cooper 7–5, 6–4, 6–3, at Melbourne*
SANDRA REYNOLDS, women's singles title, over top-seeded Lorraine Coghlan 6–4, 8–6 USLTA announced new player rankings (subject to membership approval) Men's singles—1 Hum Richardson, 2. Alex Olmedo, 3. Barry MacKay, 4 Bernard Bartzen, 5. Herb Flam, 6 Dick Savitt, 7. Sam Giammalva, 8 Vic Seixas, 9 Budge Patty, 10 Whitney Reed. Women's singles—1 Althea Gibson, 2 Beverly Fleitz, 3. Darlene Hard, 4 Dorothy Knode, 5. Margaret DuPont

MILEPOSTS—*DIED: TRISTRAM (TRIS) SPEAKER, the "Gray Eagle" of the major leagues, who became perhaps the finest center fielder ever after failure as a pitcher for Cleburne of Texas League, of a heart attack at Whitney, Texas*
RETIRING: CARL SNAVELY, the "Gray Fox" of football, who coached three bowl teams at North Carolina and for six years has been head coach of St Louis' Washington University, after 32 years, 180 wins, 96 losses and 16 ties

A roundup of the sports information of the week

faces in the crowd . . .



CHARLOTTE GRUBIC, who placed only 15th in last year's World Invitational bowling tournament and was surprised by return invitation, won cliff-hanging finals to become world champion



PAUL DIETZEL, 34, who coached LSU to national football championship (10 wins, no losses), won Coach of the Year election by the American College Football Coaches Assn. by overwhelming vote



ALTHEA GIBSON, withdrawn from competitive tennis for a year, displayed yet another talent in her portrayal of a Negro slave for John Huston's Civil War movie, *The Horse Soldiers*.



DOROTHEA DEAN of Woodstock, Vt., outfished men and women alike in the first annual Guy Lombardo sailfish tournament at Marathon, Fla., in five-day competition strung up 1,400 points.



JIM JARRETT, veteran Negro coach, Charleston, W. Va., was appointed basketball coach at the integrated high school in city. Said Jarrett: "I have to look at my skin to realize its color."



JUDY GRINHAM, fetching 19-year-old English swimming star and winner of an Olympic gold medal, was elected British Sportswoman of 1958 in a poll conducted by the London *Daily Express*.



LOUIS LOURMAIS, 38-year-old French frogman determined to swim 600 miles down Canada's ice-laced Fraser River, popped up at 100-mile mark, promised to press on regardless.



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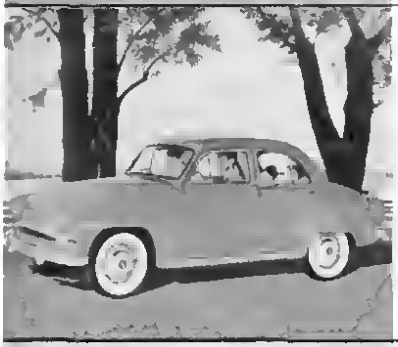
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Length	162"	160.2"	154.3"	155"	148"	149.8"
Width	61.3"	60.6"	57.7"	60.0"	61.0"	60.6"
Weight (lbs.)	2050	1565	1940	1397	1652	1716
Forward Gears	4	4	4	3	4	3
Reclining Seats	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
December 22, 1958

Photographs by Hy Peskin

49 YARDS AND ONE FOOT

The latter belonged to Pat Summerall, and with it he wrought the miracle which put New York into a playoff

by TEX MAULE

IT was *the* game of the year in a season made tingly by great games. None of the 63,192 wildly excited fans who sat through the two and a half hours in icy Yankee Stadium while a feathery snowfall sifted down on them would deny that. It was an afternoon to test their nerves and their loyalty to their grimly courageous New York Giants.

And yet, before the game, the player who was to send them home hilariously happy through the early darkness doubted seriously that he could play at all.

Warming up, specialist Pat Summerall tested his injured right leg gingerly, trying field goals at varying distances, wincing a little as he kicked. "You better warm up," he told Don Chandler, the New York Giants' No. 2 place kicker. "I don't think I'm going to be able to kick."

Four and a half minutes before the game ended, with the score then tied 10–10, he tried a field goal from the Cleveland 31-yard line, and the ball slithered to the side of the target.

Now, with two minutes left and the snow interposing a cottony fog between him and the goal posts 49 yards away, Summerall tried again. Charley Conerly cleaned the snow from a spot on the Browns 49 and stretched his hands for the snap. Summerall took the mincing steps which precede the kick and lifted the ball high and far into the whiteness and then looked up to watch its flight. Conerly looked up prayerfully from his kneeling position. The ball, like a sliced golf ball, bored to the right of the goal posts as it took off, then curved and went cleanly through, and the New York Giants, a team which has lived with adversity all season, beat the Cleveland Browns to gain a tie for the Eastern Conference championship of the National Football League.

The field goal, as dramatic an ending for a football game as any script writer could devise, was a fit climax to this game and to the tenacious fight the Giants have made all year to overhaul the Browns. Indeed, tenacity is the quality of this Giant team. It is not, in individual personnel, one of the great pro teams of the decade. There are defects in its armament, and some of them are defects which should have been disastrous on this Sunday on this icy field against a team like the Cleveland Browns. The Giant running attack is built around the ability of backs like Frank Gifford and Alex Webster to cut inside or outside of a quick block, and uncertain footing makes these darting, slicing tactics almost impossible. The Browns, depending nearly entirely on the incredible power of their great fullback, Jim Brown, were not so seriously handicapped by a hard field made slippery by a thin powdering of snow.

The Cleveland advantage was made startlingly apparent on their first play from scrimmage. Milt Plum, the Brown quarterback, faked a pitchout

continued



SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS warmed Giant hearts when, in this breathtaking setting, victory smiled with two minutes to go.





SLAMMING BY UP-ENDED GIANT END ON CLEVELAND'S FIRST PLAY OF THE GAME, JIM BROWN BURSTS THROUGH NEW YORK LINE



TREMENDOUS ACCELERATION IS EMPHASIZED AS HE OUTRUNS LINDON CROW (41) AND HARLAND SVARE (84) TO GET IN THE OPEN

49 YARDS *continued*

to Lew Carpenter, forcing the Giant end wide. Then he handed off to Jim Brown, who ripped into the Giant line with the instant acceleration which is so surprising in a 228-pound back. A Cleveland tackle wheeled across to cut off Giant Linebacker Sam Huff; the hole gaped briefly and Brown was through it, running very strongly in his odd upright stance. Another Giant linebacker, cutting across, seemed to have him pinned, but Brown accelerated again and flashed suddenly into the Giant secondary, streaking by the startled backs before they could react. The play covered 65 yards and put the Browns ahead before the fans had finished wrapping themselves in blankets against the cold.

For a long time that play was the story of the game. Time and again the indefatigable Brown went churning into the Giant line, whacking through narrow holes, ricocheting off linebackers and finally disappearing under a mass of blue jerseys—a mass that usually surged for an extra yard or two under the impetus of his charge. The Giant line was playing off the line of scrimmage during the first half, but as the footing grew worse, it moved up, charging more quickly; in the second half the Giant tacklers often reached Brown before he got under way. The Giants finally contained the Brown attack with this tactic.

Meanwhile, the Giant attack, denied the wide sweeps which are its most effective weapon, sputtered. Alex Webster, a great halfback who is neither exceptionally fast nor exceptionally elusive, gained most of the New York ground yardage. Webster's greatness lies in his quickness on cutbacks, and even on this field he wheeled and sliced into the Brown line with surprising impact. He is an extraordinarily audacious runner, but he alone was not enough during that first half, and the Browns led 10–3 when the teams left the field.

The seed of the Brown defeat was sown in that first half, however, in a play which was probably forgotten immediately by the fans. Conerly handed off to Frank Gifford, who ran wide to his right, then threw on the run to Webster. Gifford has had an injured elbow for the last three weeks, and he babied the throw, missing Webster. But Kyle Rote came back to the huddle and told Conerly, "I noticed something. Maybe we can use it in the second half."

Rote and Gifford worked out the mechanics of Rote's strategy during the half-time intermission. Rote had noticed that the Brown secondary had overshifted to the right, toward Gifford's run on the first half pass. In the final quarter, after Andy Robustelli recovered a Brown fumble on the Cleveland 45, Conerly called the play. Gifford swung wide to his right again, threatening a run, and the Brown defensive backs moved with him. Rote, feinting a block at the Brown tackle on the other side of the line, suddenly swung away and down the sideline, and Gifford stopped and lofted a high, long pass through the snow diagonally across the field. Rote caught it and was down on the Cleveland six. Two plays later, Conerly called the same pass, and this time Gifford threw to Bob Schnelker



HE RACES AWAY FROM MASSIVE ROOSEVELT GRIER (76), HEADS FOR GAP IN ENEMY SECONDARY, PAST GIANT EMLEN TUNNELL (45)



GIANTS JIM PATTON (20) AND CROW (41) DROP BACK IN THEIR FUTILE CHASE AS BROWN COMPLETES A 65-YARD TOUCHDOWN RUN

in the end zone for the tying touchdown. ("I told Schnelker just to get loose and wave his arms at me," Gifford said later. "He did.")

The Browns made the mistake, then, of trying to protect the tie, which, to them, would have been as good as a victory, since the Giants had to win to force the playoff for the division title. "We knew what they had to do," Giant Defensive Coach Tom Landry explained. "We jammed up the middle and charged hard, and Grier broke through a couple of times and that helped." The Cleveland team, walloping away into that impregnable middle, could not control the game in the closing minutes and twice had to punt to the Giants. A bad punt which sliced out of bounds set up Summerall's first field goal try.

Jim Lee Howell, the Giant coach, debated with himself momentarily before sending Summerall in for the 49-yard game-winning field goal. "I started to call for a pass to try to get a little closer," he said. Conerly, the graying 37-year-old Giant quarterback who was the architect of this victory, had missed on three passes just prior to the field goal. One of them, which traveled some 55 yards in the air, had slipped through Webster's arms on the goal line, but Conerly blamed himself for not moving the ball closer. And then came Pat Summerall and the fateful fourth down.

"I looked up when Pat hit the ball," Conerly said in the dressing room later. "It looked real good and it made me feel good, too. There was a lot of guilt riding on that one."

"I didn't think about anything much when I went in," Summerall said. "I could have cried when I missed the one just before, but all I thought about was that I would have to hit it good since it was a long kick. Then when I was waiting for the snap, I kept reminding myself to lock my ankle. Sometimes I forget and let it waggle, but I remembered this time."

Earlier in the second half, Harland Svare, who saved the game against Detroit the week before by blocking a late field goal, figured in another game-saving play. Leading 10–3, Coach Paul Brown called for a fake field-goal attempt from the Giant 20, a debatable decision at best. Svare, who had benefited from Andy Robustelli's help in Detroit, this time swung wide to pull a blocker out and clear a path for Robustelli. When the Browns' Bobby Freeman, who was the holder for the field goal, suddenly leaped up to try a pass, Svare was directly in his path and dumped him for a loss.

The victory, of course, did not give the Giants the Eastern title. Already twice victors over Cleveland, New York must beat the Browns yet again in the playoff game in Yankee Stadium, December 21.

Since their loss to the Pittsburgh Steelers on November 16 in Pittsburgh, the Giants have had to win each Sunday to keep their hopes alive. This continuous strain lent Coach Jim Lee Howell a spurious calm in the Giant dressing room after the game. "How can a guy get excited the way we've been playing 'em the last few weeks?" he asked. "Next week? I don't know. This is a great team, emotionally. But how many times emotionally can you do this?" **END**



Color Photographs by Ezra Stoller

NEW COURSE IN PUERTO RICO

IN THE old days—and it was only yesterday that they ended—the man who was lucky enough to get south for a couple of weeks in winter was confronted, if he was a golfer, with an odd kind of frustration: the warm weather was made for golf, but the facilities for the game were, with blessed few exceptions, hardly a patch on what the travel poster promised. The courses were composed of holes of insufficient length and hapless character, and the grass was hardly suited to golf since only a tough, unrefined species of weed could endure the heat. All in all, instead of being the glamorous well-to-do cousin of northern summertime golf, southern wintertime golf had a rather seedy, claptrap air about it, and many vacationers who had gone south intending to play a round a day were quickly disabused of this notion and spent the rest of their stay fishing, sailing, playing tennis or lounging on the beach, intermittently wondering why they had been stupid enough to pay the overweight charge for lugging their golf clubs along on the plane.

Today, thanks to the progress agronomists have made in producing fine new strains of grass able to withstand the searing tropical sun and thanks to a new kind of entrepreneur who purchases suitable property to begin with, hires a trained golf architect and has the financial soundness and the personal standards to see the project through on a high level, some really wonderful courses have been created in Florida and in the Caribbean area. The latest of these is Dorado Beach on the northern coast of Puerto Rico, some 20 miles west of the capital city, San Juan. Besides being an extremely beautiful course, it has such inherent championship qualities that when it was officially opened earlier this month with a $30,000 tournament, the lowest score turned in by any of the pros during the four days of play was a 68.

Dorado Beach is a project of Laurance Rockefeller. The third son and fourth child of John D. Jr. and Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, Laurance, like the other members of that remarkable family, has the gift for long-range planning and thorough execution. A man who has known the Caribbean all his life, Laurance became convinced some six years ago that an excellent way to bolster the economy of Puerto Rico would be to build a first-class resort area, previously lacking, which would attract a far greater number of tourists to the island for extended visits. In February 1955 he purchased 1,200 acres of land along the coast at Dorado, which he had been assembling in the

continued

MAN BEHIND *Dorado Beach is Laurance S. Rockefeller (left) who built Puerto Rican golf resort, shown in aerial view at right*







JUNGLE VEGETATION, *an impressive feature of the Dorado Beach golf course, provides a lush frame for the 16th tee, where a threesome, closed in by white-barked royal palms, strikes out onto the fairway*



CHICKEN TREE, *so called by the people of Puerto Rico because of its spread-toe base, is shown above in closeup and below as it forms the bright border for the short 13th. Back tee is beyond pond at right.*



intervening years, and called in Robert Trent Jones, the peripatetic New York golf architect, to design the golf course which would be the heart of the new development.

Four of the holes on the dramatic course which Jones built—it is undoubtedly his finest piece of work since Peachtree in Atlanta—follow closely along the ocean. The remainder swing inland through grapefruit groves and the partially cleared tropical jungle and follow strategically alongside a chain of four lakes, the largest of which is the Mata Redonda Lagoon. In the process of construction, 4,000 coconut palms were uprooted (and transplanted) to make room for the projected fairways, and a billion yards of fill was brought in, mainly to resurrect the depressed swampy area around the lagoon. As for the grass, a most important consideration, a planeload of Gene Tift grass, a hybrid African Bermuda grass developed by Mr. Tift in southern Florida, was flown in and transplanted on the future 11th fairway to serve as a nursery. The rest of the course—tees, fairways and greens—was sprigged with cuttings of stolons taken from this nursery. The course, 7,115 yards long from the championship tees but modifiable to 5,840 yards from the ladies' tees, was ready for play last winter. It is watered via a piping system that taps an underground river discovered during construction.

Dorado Beach—along with the golf course the resort area has a central hotel and cottages, tennis courts, horse-drawn Victorias and two crescent beaches on its two miles of shore line—is the latest of Laurance Rockefeller's projects dealing with the development of land. To make it easier to keep straight the individual personalities and activities of the five Rockefeller boys, it has become customary in recent years to tag each of them with a few quick (and admittedly oversimplified) phrases of description. For example, Laurance, who is 48, is inveterately referred to as the conservation addict of the family and as the son most interested in science and the application of venture capital to bolster new companies whose products are not unrelated to the national "big picture." Early in the war, for instance, Laurance invested in McDonnell Aircraft because he thought the owner of the minus-



Mrs. Colby Chester, Mrs. Thomas Choate chat at recent Dorado golf pro-am event.

cule company was onto something of immense value to the country, and he was quite right since McDonnell went on to produce the revolutionary Banshee jet planes. Quite similarly, through his investment Reaction Motors, a small company with a good idea, went on to produce the rocket engine for the Bell XS1, the first plane to break the sound barrier. His activities are wide-ranging, to say the least. For instance, in a private Point Four program somewhat similar to his brother Nelson's IBEC operations, Laurance transported an entire textile mill from South Carolina to the Belgian Congo where it manufactures cloth from local raw materials for the local market.

Tall, lean and discerning of eye, Laurance Rockefeller at first meeting conveys a somewhat ministerial impression which leaves one quite unprepared when he reveals himself, as he does quickly, to be a different type of fellow altogether, a man of bounding drive and convivial intelligence who is *au courant* to the point of being positively hep. At the same time, there is, however, a classical strain in Laurance which is perhaps best illustrated by the two conservation projects he has carried out superbly. In the first of these, Jackson Hole in Wyoming, he took over from his father, who in the mid-'20s was appalled at the way the grandeur of the Old West was so rapidly falling before the "beer-bottle and hot-dog civilization" and who started to purchase parcels of land in the Grand Teton area. In 1949 Laurance completed this complicated undertaking, turning over to the Secretary of the Interior 34,000 acres of magnificent land which was officially made a part of the Grand Teton National Park. Two years ago the federal government accepted as its 29th and newest national park some 5,000 acres which comprise just about half of the island of St. John in the Virgin Islands. Laurance had first purchased a 650-acre resort area on St. John called Caneel Bay and then had become so smitten with the unspoiled tropical beauty of the region that he started to take the steps that would eventually result in a new national park which everyone could enjoy and which would remain unspoiled because the government would own it in perpetuity.

Pro Chick Harbert (right) and Van Horn Ely Jr. head for the first tee at Dorado.



The Rockefellers not only do things well, they do them right. Last spring, for illustration, after a luncheon for the press in which the news about Dorado Beach was released—Laurance talking about the over-all project and introducing his aides, who went into the aspects they had worked on—a veteran newspaperman approached one of the aides in a corner of the room and asked him if the course was intended only for visitors from the States. The aide answered no, that it was open to the Puerto Ricans as well. "Yes, I know," the newspaperman continued, "but have any Puerto Ricans actually played on it?" The aide, somewhat baffled by the conversation, answered that 250 Puerto Ricans were members of the club and actually ran it—that, technically, Laurance Rockefeller himself had to go through the formality of being elected a member by the resident group. At this point the newspaperman shook his head drolly and said in an altogether different tone, "You see, the reason why I asked you these things is that nine times out of 10 when anyone does anything that's as commendable as this, they not only make a point of telling you about it, they make a real production of it. You people didn't even mention it."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE CASE OF THE

A murky tale of drugged racing dogs is exposed in England and seven wailing young ladies are trotted off to jail

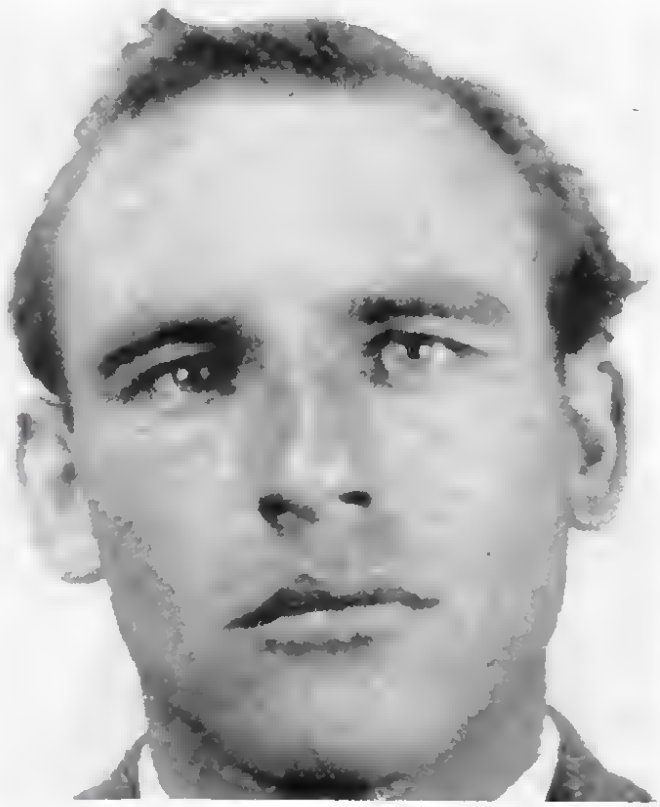
ENGLAND goes for dog racing in a big way. They bet on the dogs, you see, and most Englishmen would rather bet than drink tea. So, when a young kennelmaid named Barbara Baker spilled out a story of fixed races due to doped dogs, it was big news.

This is the way it worked. The heavy, one Charles Frederick Coulon, planted a number of pliable young ladies as kennelmaids at the greyhound kennels in Sunbury. Every weekend some of the girls would slip up to London, meet Coulon or one of his associates and receive pellets of pheno-barbitone encased in meatballs, plus instructions. Back in Sunbury, the girls would feed the loaded meatballs to the appointed dogs on the morning of a race. It was not always easy, since a majority of the kennelmaids, of course, was honest. Therefore, if the mission was successful, the girls, as a signal to Coulon, would leave work wearing their head scarves. Otherwise, no bead scarves. Usually three of six dogs in a fixed race would be doped. Coulon would back the other three heavily.

Into this cozy setup walked Barbara Baker, an animal lover. When she got the job as a kennelmaid through Coulon, she knew it was on the crook, but it wasn't until her time came to administer the dope that her conscience drove her to the authorities.

Coulon, two associates and seven kennelmaids were rounded up and tried at the Old Bailey, home of Britain's most famous murder trials. Barbara Baker, however, didn't show up in court. Fearing someone would put the "chiv" to her, she dyed her hair red, donned glasses and skipped town. Nevertheless, the 10 defendants were found guilty. In summing up, the judge accused them of "seeking to undermine a sport which, I understand, gives pleasure to many people." Then he pronounced sentence: Coulon got three years in jail, his associates slightly less. But it was when six of the seven young (average age: 18) kennelmaids were given six months that howls of anguish rocked the austere Old Bailey. There was clawing, and screaming, and collapsing. Girls cried for mother, one cried for her 15-month-old child. But the judge would have none of it, and the kennelmaids were dragged off.

Barbara Baker? Oh, she came back to town, undyed her hair and removed the glasses. She sold her story to a paper and considered returning to work. As a kennelmaid, yet.

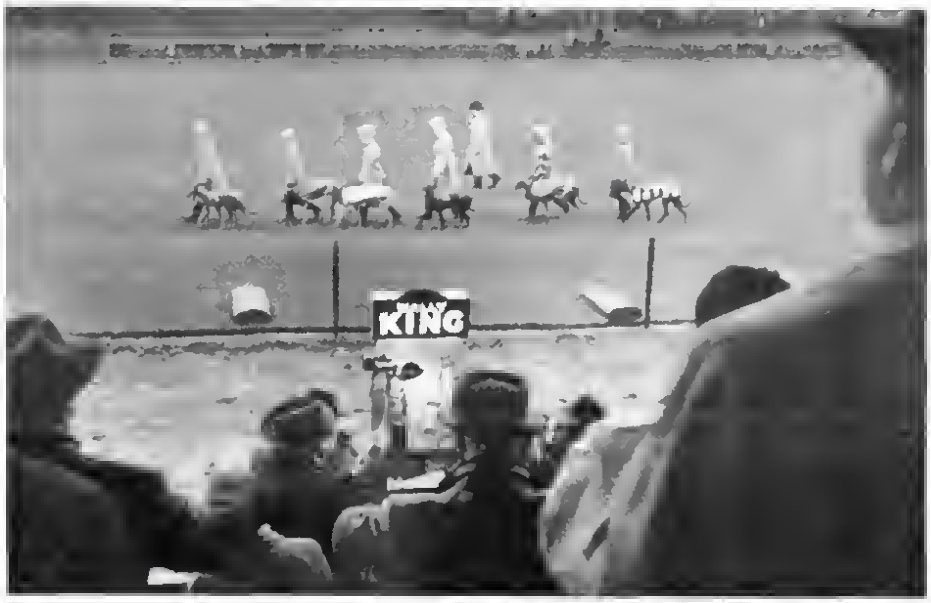


CHARLES COULON, THE RINGLEADER, WILL SPENO THREE YEARS IN JAIL

DAPHNE COLLISHAW ANO SON PART FOR ONE YEAR



CROOKED KENNELMAIDS



AT TYPICAL LONDON DOG TRACK (not Sunbury) kennelmaids lead racing dogs to starting "traps," guided by official wearing bowler hat. A kennelmaid's other duties include care and feeding of dogs prior to the race. Wally King (*in foreground*) is one of sport's many legal bookies.



BACK IN TOWN after trial, Informant Baker has hair returned to natural shade.



GLORIA RANGER (17): SIX MONTHS



ELAINE OUFFY (22): SIX MONTHS



VALERIE SHEEN (17): SIX MONTHS



PAT AOAMTHWAITE (17): SIX MONTHS



CHRISTINE JONES (17): SIX MONTHS



PAT OALLIGAN (18): SIX MONTHS

Photographs by Herb Scharfman

...ET TOUJOURS LE CHAMPION!

After four trips to the canvas a venerable but gallant Archie Moore saved his championship by knocking out French Canada's hero, Yvon Durelle, and so set a new KO record

by MARTIN KANE

WHEN A CHAMPION rises from the canvas to toddle about like a baby learning to walk, when the roaring in his ears is not alone the roar of the crowd, when his opponent looms vague and ugly through red haze, when his arms neither block nor punch but only flop, when he is felled again and rises once more and then goes down a third time from still another crushing blow, he would be forgiven by any decent person if he then stayed down and sadly heard the referee toll the end of his championship, the final round of his career.

He would especially be forgiven if, like Archie Moore, the light heavyweight champion of the world, he was very probably the oldest titleholder in modern ring history, had held his title long and had defended it honorably against the best in his division. But Archie Moore has a kingly heart. To be able to rise and to rise are one and the same to him.

Some of the other great champions of prizefighting have risen from the canvas to retain their titles. Jack Dempsey did it against Luis Firpo, Gene Tunney did it against Dempsey, and there have been others. But none has risen so magnificently or from such deep depths as did Archie Moore last Wednesday night in Montreal.

He had entered the ring against Yvon Durelle, the hero of French Canada, with the published odds a prohibitive 3 to 1 in his favor. Small bettors may have observed those odds, but men with important money to wager could not find them. Big bettors were working at 1½ to 1 because those of them who favored Moore lacked full confidence in him. They suspected shrewdly that Archie, fighting only two days before what may have been his 43rd, his 46th, or his 49th birthday, depending on whose computation you accept, might have reached the end of his long, hard road leaning enfeebled on a concealed cane. (He arrived at the weighin, as a matter of fact, carrying a silver-topped walking stick but he was wearing a dinner jacket and his manner was as jaunty as the attire.)

So a syndicate of patriotic habitants from Durelle's home province, New Brunswick, was able to bet only $12,000 of the $27,000 they had carried to Montreal in the hope of returning with, say, $80,000 more. They returned with $12,000 less.

They were almost right. At the end of the first round they were regretting that they had not made good use of their remaining $15,000 by offering solid odds on Durelle. In the minute between the first and second rounds any of the 8,484 fans who had paid $89,940 to see the fight would have agreed with them.

FIRST CITIZEN

After announcements in French and English to accommodate bilingual Montreal, Archie came off his stool slim-hipped and flat-bellied. In just two months he had, by witchcraft which is his secret, trained down from a gross 206 pounds to a trim 173¾. Durelle weighed 172.

At that moment the champion was all but insolently confident. Durelle, on the other hand, seemed to know his place in ring society, even though he is a successful commercial fisherman, owner of four fine boats, and the first citizen of New Brunswick's Baie Ste. Anne, owner of the town's first TV set and first flush toilet. But it is well known that when Durelle throws a hook it is more likely to catch a haddock than an experienced boxer. He is an awkward fellow, what they call rough and durable.

Archie carried his left hand low because some fighters are thereby tempted to throw a right-hand lead when they see the left side of his jaw so sweetly exposed. Archie then catches the right-hand lead in the palm of his right glove and fields them back a deadening left hook.

Fisherman Durelle almost took the bait. He threw the right, but he preceded it with a hook to the body that jarred Moore so that he was not able to get the protective right glove across his chin in time. He crumpled ingloriously. His custom-tailored black-and-gold trunks picked up rosin powder. His gray-flecked hair, so neatly combed when he climbed through the ropes in a robe of cherry red and silver, was shocked awry. So were his brains. The timekeeper pounded his mallet nine times before Archie could get on his feet again, standing on legs that now were only as sturdy as a pair of eels.

This was the moment for a knockout punch but Durelle, unprepared for greatness, could not bring it off. In the opinion of Referee Jack Sharkey he merely shoved the staggering Archie, who went down again. Sharkey did not rule it a knockdown. This time Archie was up at two, a sign that he was thinking bravely but not clearly. While he struggled to maintain a dignified attitude the crudely ambitious Durelle clouted him with a right hand that seemed to travel from Baie Ste. Anne and hard enough to kill a marlin. For the third time in that first round Archie sagged to the floor. At the seventh thump of the gavel he rose, totally fuddled,



ARCHIE DAZZLED WEIGHIN WITH HIS MIDNIGHT BLUE TUXEDO



DURELLE WORE SWEATER AND SLACK JAW COMBINATION

and lasted out the remaining seconds with only enough consciousness to feel embarrassed.

On the day before the fight Archie had made it imperiously clear that if he could not handle a fighter of Durelle's caliber he would retire after this, his 205th recorded fight in 23 years. That, he said, was why he wanted nothing to do with a mandatory return-bout clause in the fight contract. It was such a fight, however, that there may now be an outdoors return at Montreal in June.

But if between the first and second rounds he was planning a retirement speech he gave no sign of it as the second round progressed.

Instead, he stalled for time to heal his wounds. He staved off Durelle with a left jab that, though not nearly so deft as it became later, was quite enough for a curiously cautious Durelle. In this round Durelle lost the bout, apparently because of misconceived shrewdness in his corner. He should have swarmed over Archie, who was still weak, but instead he stayed away from him.

Durelle's manager, who is a grocer, explained afterward that he had told Yvon to be wary in the second round and avoid coming to grips with the sophisticated Archie.

"I told Yvon to watch him because Archie is so smart," Chris Shaban admitted. "So Yvon was careful in the second."

Moore thus survived and went on to win the fight.

Durelle tried a bit harder in the third, which he won while Moore retreated and gathered strength. In the fourth Moore broke into a light sweat for the first time in the very chilly, unheated Forum, where ice is permanently laid for hockey and fight spectators wear overcoats and hats. The sweat signaled that his bodily reflexes were returning to normal.

Durelle's big chance came again in the fifth. He knocked Archie down, again with a right-hand punch. Archie rose groggily from a count of five, and this time Durelle chased him. But Moore, warming to the evening's

continued

work, was able to mount his famous crisscross defense. By the end of the round Archie was chasing Durelle. His mouthpiece bared in an unaccustomed snarl, the champion suddenly crashed a right and a left to the challenger's jaw. Durelle was staggered and he may have been disheartened. He did not win a round thereafter on any of the three judges' cards. (Referees do not keep score in Montreal.)

The rest of the fight was astonishing in that the aging Archie seemed to grow stronger, while Durelle, who is only 29, weakened rapidly. A left jab bloodied his big nose, and hard right chops bruised his head.

Durelle landed one more good punch. It was a hard right in the seventh round and when the champion did not go down Durelle seemed to know that his dream was over. Moore then knocked Durelle down for the first time, using a right-left-right combination. Durelle was up at two and lasted out the round.

By the 10th, after two rounds in which he systematically stabbed Durelle with his left and battered him with his right, the rejuvenated Moore was all but prancing like a happy and vicious young goat. Eight seconds before the bell he dropped Durelle with a blood-spattering left hook.

Almost at the clang that opened the 11th, Moore landed a succession of right-hand punches and then, with a left hook, knocked Durelle down again. The fisherman was up at nine but fell almost immediately from a superb left-right combination to the jaw. This time he rolled over on his back and stayed there.

So the fight ended with Archie Moore still champion and, by any man's concession, one of the most amazing champions in ring history. Older than 43-year-old Champion Bob Fitzsimmons in some reckonings, perhaps even older than the 46-year-old Jack Broughton of the 18th century, Archie had set a new record for knockouts. With that 11th-round punch he passed Young Stribling's mark of 126 KOs.

After the fight this fabulous man of boxing was his debonair self again, not even breathing hard while he twiddled his goatee and twitted Joe Louis on his age. Louis is 44.

Then, bowing from the waist, Archie extended his fateful right hand to Durelle, who had been weeping bitterly, and wished him a Merry Christmas. **END**



DURELLE SENSED VICTORY WHEN MOORE WENT DOWN THREE TIMES IN THE FIRST

David Bier

BUT IN THE 11TH ROUND REFEREE JACK SHARKEY COUNTED OUT THE CHALLENGER, AND MOORE SAVED HIS CHAMPIONSHIP



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Turnout

MORE than 19 million fans braved storm and sleet and traffic and heat to watch their favorite college teams play football this year. The total attendance of 19,280,709 for 2,586 games represented a 5.41% increase over last year, and the average of 31,199 per game was the highest in history.

Squaw's Progress

WHEN a couple of Air Force helicopters flew into the 1960 Winter Olympic site at Squaw Valley, California one warm and cloudless morning last week, they were greeted by a flat, thick cloud of gray smoke coming from the fire and fumes of a hive of activity below.

There was reason aplenty for the bustle. In a little more than two years, California has had to turn this pretty but woefully unprepared little valley into the beginnings of a massive winter sports center. The state has bulldozed acres of jumbled terrain into an orderly landscape, built a flood-control lake, laid miles of sewer, built a disposal plant and installed a small town on the valley floor. All this is basic construction needed to house a thousand expected athletes, plus twice that number of delegates, officials, trainers and coaches. On top of this, the valley had to be manicured into a series of perfectly prepared courses and arenas where the athletes can slither, slide and slip in the intricate maneuvers of winter sport.

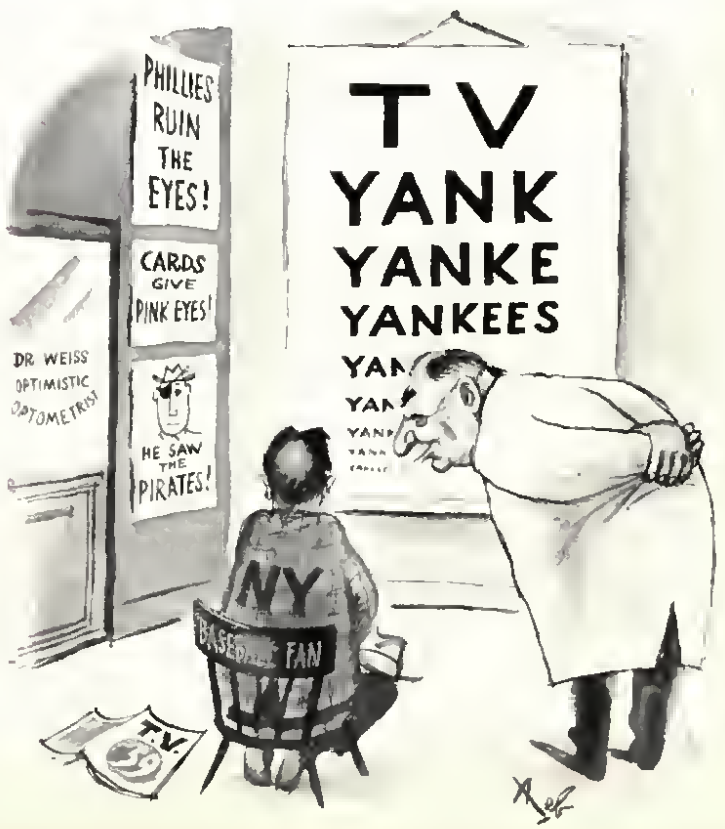
All this, quite naturally, has generated a considerable degree of stormy weather. From the beginning, Prentis Hale, the San Francisco store magnate and the man chiefly responsible for Squaw's progress, has been involved in one verbal blizzard after another. Among these was a running battle with his chief technical adviser, Alan Bartholemy, which ended last summer with the brisk announcement by Hale of Bartholemy's resignation. Somewhere along the line a publisher of a national skiing magazine joined the fight, pelted Hale and his California Olympic committee with accusations of gross incompetence. And last month, three more technical aides resigned.

The remarkable fact about all this storm and strife, however, is that it has done little if anything to block the steady march of progress in the valley. Chairman Hale could never be accused of diplomatic finesse, but he is a man with a commendable, if blunt, talent for getting things done. Last week, still firmly in the driver's seat, he had the satisfaction of knowing that all important construction in his valley was on schedule and due for completion well before the deadline in 1960.

continued

NO NATIONAL LEAGUE TV IN NEW YORK IN 1959

—News Item



Already, Squaw is bracing itself for an avalanche of eager customers. Tickets for the Games are now on sale —limited four to a customer—for those who write early enough to the Olympic Committee (333 Market St., San Francisco) and enclose $7.50 for each ticket. Squalls or not, we have already sent for ours.

Home-from-home

TWO SUMMERS ago Mrs. Hattie Louise Browning of Dallas tried to find a place to board her poodles while she took a vacation trip. She was shocked to find that nothing was available but "slum dwellings." "My poodles were indoor pets," said Mrs. Browning. "I wanted a place that would treat them as they were treated at home."

The only way to find a proper home-from-home for pampered poodles, it seemed, was to build it, and after considerable research Mrs. Browning decided to do just that. Now the 50 guests at her swank Canine Country Club have air-conditioned rooms and foam-rubber mattresses. For hardy outdoor types there are dog runs shaded from the Texas sun. Music from a local FM station is piped to every room, and there is also a microphone to pick up the voices of the eight people who work about the place and transmit them to the dogs. Dogs, for some reason, like to hear people talking.

The resident manager of the club is Peter J. Patterson, whose chief concern is to see that each dog gets his share of individual attention. For rates that run from $1.75 a day to $45 a month, dogs are given a daily check for illness, two groomings a week and whatever diet their owners specify. There is an elderly Dalmatian who has retired to the Canine Club as to a home for the aged; every day his owner's chauffeur delivers his favorite food: lobster. Two poodles who were recent guests lived throughout their visit on breast of chicken



and sirloin steak. The only exception to the special-diet rule was Thanksgiving, when all the guests got turkey.

Most dogs, of course, are merely temporary residents while their owners are away from home. Every day the mail brings sheaves of postcards from Madrid, Paris and Rio addressed to Boots or Suzy, saying "Having wonderful time, wish you were here." Patterson dutifully nails these messages to Boots' or Suzy's wall.

A major operating expense of the Canine Club is replacing foam-rubber mattresses, which some of the guests chew to bits. Mrs. Browning insists on having them, though, because she wants her clients' dogs to enjoy the best. She is also very careful about cleanliness. "Most kennels smell like kennels," says Mrs. Browning. "Mine doesn't." Pine-oil solution and ozone lamps keep everything fresh, and a further note of refinement is added by the fact that the whole layout is painted pink.

Even at the Canine Club, though, there are limits to what people will do for dogs. "One woman told me her cocker spaniel couldn't sleep unless he had a cookie every night at 11," said Patterson. "And she said I had to hold the cookie in my teeth and let him take it away from me. Well, he got his cookie, all right, but I never told the woman I just gave it to him on a tray."

KO on TV?

LAST FRIDAY, on a channel which normally carries the Friday Night Fights, televiewers saw a fascinating and imaginatively produced program from Chicago—the finals of the Invitational Match-Game Bowling Championships. It was, perhaps, a peek into the future. The hottest rumor on both sides of Madison Avenue these days is that the Gillette Safety Razor Co., which is sharp and intends to stay sharp, is sorely dissatisfied with the response to the kind of boxing talent that is being fobbed off on it, is wary of the anti-trust judgment against Jim Norris' International Boxing Club and is considering a TV switch to basketball and bowling.

Says Ned Irish, the executive vice-president of Madison Square Garden, from which most of the Friday fights emanate, "I sold the Pro Basketball All-Star game to Gillette for Jan. 23 [a Friday], and if the experiment proves anything we'll get Gillette to consider basketball as a regular replacement for the dying boxing calendar." "All you see on Friday nights anyway," said one dissatisfied viewer, "is Tiger Jones, Tiger Jones, Tiger Jones and Tiger Jones! The attractions are poor and they're badly handled. Dance teams they give you, not fighters. You mean to tell me they can't romance up the attractions?"

It is, alas, too late for romancing. The picture tube is flickering beyond the repair of the finest technician, and most viewers, fed up with a depressing

They Said It

FRANKIE ALBERT, *family man, on resigning as head coach of the lagging San Francisco '49ers: "It got so that my wife and daughters had to run out of supermarkets; they couldn't shop without being insulted."*

DETROIT LIONS' JIM DORAN, *reflecting on the difference between pros and amateurs: "A lot of times in college, you wondered why you were out there three or four hours a day. You don't wonder why you're out there in pro ball. You get paid."*

DARRELL ROYAL, *University of Texas coach, asked by Orange Bowl-bound Syracuse writers how to beat Oklahoma: "Tell your boys to run a little faster than they can run, jump a little higher than they can jump and hit a little harder than they can hit. Then pray."*

series of dull and unimaginative matches by the moribund International Boxing Club couldn't care less.

Tex Rickard of Chess

AFTER six years of trying, a benign New York textile manufacturer named Maurice Kasper has managed to assemble 12 of the best chess players in the country for a tournament for the national title. "Never had we so much talent in before!" says Mr. Kasper, who suggests an earnest and intellectual Sam Goldwyn talking about his next superattraction. "Never before has there been such a showing of as many great players in one time and in one place before this!"

Never before, certainly, has American chess had a backer as able, enthusiastic and solvent as Maurice Kasper. The 12 masters who are meeting this week at the Manhattan Chess Club to try to win the national chess championship of the United States away from 15-year-old Bobby Fischer are a heady, temperamental, far-scattered and generally impecunious group of wizards; it takes almost as much skill to get them all in one place at one time as it does to corner their queens. Most of them are filled with such obscure personal torments and such unpredictable hostilities toward officials, spectators and each other that businessmen generally find them baffling. Not Mr. Kasper.

Maurice Kasper himself played chess as a boy in Brunswick, Germany, where he was born 58 years ago, then virtually forgot the game for the next 40 years. Building up Central Knitware occupied all his energy, except for furtive efforts to get his golf score at Fresh Meadows down to the low 90s. Then in 1945 Russia and the United States played a radio chess match that turned into an American debacle. Kasper happened to stop in at the Henry Hudson Hotel, where the moves were being duplicated on big boards on the wall. "One look at the boards I took," he says, "and I said, 'What is this? It can't be that bad!'

"So I went uptown and joined the Manhattan Chess Club," he said, an occasion which made the oldtimers



feel that Santa Claus had applied for membership. "I played all those fellows—Reshevsky, Larry Evans—they all wiped up the floor with me."

Soon elected president, Kasper was astonished to find so many prominent New Yorkers interested in chess. "Doctors!" he says. "I never found myself surrounded by so many distinguished medical men. We have 50 to 60 doctors who are members. Instead of keeping office hours, they keep chess club hours."

Kasper's first attempt to put U.S. chess on a sound footing was made in concert with two other New York financiers. The three reasoned that Champion Sammy Reshevsky's work as an accountant kept him from playing up to his best, and started to set up a trust fund to provide him with a small income during his life. One of the trio—not Kasper—found a bargain in an Amsterdam Avenue apartment house, and persuaded the others to put their money in that, Reshevsky to get the income. However, one of the trio ran into business reverses—"reverses very serious," as Kasper says, "since he went broke"—and the apartment house was seized to pay his debts, leaving Sammy just where he started.

With the late banker Maurice Wertheim and a few other chess enthusiasts, Kasper organized the United States Chess Foundation, which has financed the recent American-Russian matches and is currently trying to popularize chess in schools, industrial leagues and the armed forces. He says, "The Russians use chess as a weehickle to show their superiority intellectually. But we have the best chess players in the world right here in the United States."

The Rosenwald Tournament, started six years ago, was Kasper's attempt to create an annual event that would pit these potential world-beaters against each other. Unfortunately, not more than two or three top-ranking masters could ever be brought together at the same time, and as a rule Manhattan Chess Club members have made up most of the entries, the bulk of the audience and all the winners. Last year, when the United States Chess Federation, governing

continued

body of American chess, could not hold its tournament for financial reasons, it declared the winner of the Rosenwald should be national champion, the basis of Fischer's title.

This year, in addition to Fischer and Reshevsky, the entries include William Lombardy, the world junior champion, who could beat the Russian champion Botvinnik, in Kasper's opinion; also, Pal Benko, the former Hungarian champion, now a refugee draftsman; also, Larry Evans and Arthur Bisguire, the former American champions; also, Robert and Donald Byrne. Kasper has followed the career of the Byrne brothers since he first heard of them years ago as two Brooklyn orphans with a genius for chess. He helped them along—"and they're not Jewish fellows either!" he says—as they won scholarships to Yale and began teaching school. Now he says they would be among the world's most famous players if their work as college professors gave them time enough to play chess.

The Race to the Swift

YOTHAM MULEYA is a quiet-voiced 19-year-old Rhodesian Negro who loves to run. He doesn't get much competition to train against, though, because he is a member of that branch of the human race that white Africans contemptuously refer to as "kaffirs." Running barefooted, Muleya set an unofficial Rhodesian record this year for the three-mile run: 14:59.7. It wasn't very good time (the world record is 13:10.8), but it was Rhodesia's best, and recently it led the organizers of a special track meet to invite Muleya to compete against a distinguished visitor: Gordon Pirie of Great Britain. The Southern Rhodesian Amateur Athletic and Cycling Union, however, refused to let him run. "We do not count kaffirs' performances," said William Du Bois, chairman.

Fairer-minded white Rhodesians howled Du Bois down at last, and Muleya received his invitation. On the day of the meet he waited, quietly apart on the infield grass, while Pirie and a New Zealander named Murray Halberg were presented to the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Vice Admiral Sir Peveril William-Powlett. Then, barefooted as usual, he squatted at the starting line. It was a hot, humid day, hard on the visitors, and the three-mile race ended in a rainstorm. When Muleya crossed the finish line far in the lead there were approximately 100 yards of apartheid between him and Gordon Pirie, his nearest opponent.

The victory made a nice crack in Rhodesia's grim racial barrier, and Pirie widened it a little more. "With better training and coaching," said Pirie, "Muleya could be in the world class." And when officials gave him a shield commemorating his visit to Southern Rhodesia, Pirie thanked them for it, turned his back upon them and presented it to Yotham Muleya, who had earned a trophy but had not received one.

Excelsior!

I WANT to get to the top as fast as possible," says Lamar Clark, a young heavyweight boxer from Cedar City, Utah, who helps his widowed mother sell the bread she bakes when he isn't hurrying upward. On the way up Clark has laid 26 or 27 opponents flat on the floor in 11 months—two of them in one single night, three of them in another and six more at Bingham recently in about nine minutes of fighting time. Clark had come to the Utah city prepared to kayo a mere four fighters in one night, but two of his opponents failed to appear. Whereupon Lamar's manager, Marvin Jenson, offered to pay $50 to anyone who wished to step into the ring with Clark, and got four volunteers.

No. 1 was Dale Randall. As he entered the ring a reporter asked him



how many fights he had had. "None," said Randall gallantly. Twenty-two seconds later, Randall, who professes to wrestle professionally, demonstrated his honesty by being knocked out. "I hate boxing. I always have," he said upon arising.

No. 2 was Johnny Loudd, who claimed he had 23 fights but didn't remain upright long enough to substantiate the story. Loudd lasted a minute and 19 seconds.

No. 3 was Dick Pearce, who lasted 44 seconds. No. 4 was Young Kidd, who claimed he had 12 fights, but was knocked out in one minute and 52 seconds. "He hits hard," said Kidd.

No. 5 was Jack Reed, who went out with Clark's first punch. No. 6 was Wayne Emmett. Emmett, to his everlasting credit, stayed on his feet throughout the first round and for a minute and 42 seconds of the second before joining the horizontal company of Randall, Loudd, Pearce, Kidd and Reed. "I didn't think he hurt me," said Emmett.

"I guess this challenge business just doesn't work," said Manager Jenson coyly as he surveyed the wreckage and contemplated the headlines. "I'd never seen any of these guys before. A couple of them obviously had no intention of fighting. From now on it will be one fight a night, against better talent."

"Whatever Marv decides is O.K. by me," said Lamar Clark wearily. "I just want to get to the top as fast as possible." **END**



Merry Christmas!

The mistletoe hangs perpendicular,
So flex those muscles called orbicular;
Their exercise will, in particular,
Depend a lot upon how quick you are.

—HARVEY L. CARTER

THE PROPER STUDY OF SPORTSMEN



ONE SPORTSMAN SEEKS SOLACE AND A FAT STRIPED BASS ON A LONELY SEACOAST

HIGH on the agenda of a meeting of Big Ten collegiate track and field coaches in Chicago last week was the stark realization that nearly a score of U.S. national amateur running and swimming titles were held by foreigners attending U.S. schools. Understandably, the coaches decided forthwith to try and do something about it. What they decided to do (granted the National Collegiate Athletic Association proved agreeable) was simply to bar the aliens from title competition. "It has gotten to be a joke the way some schools are recruiting overseas," said Coach Charles (Rut) Walter of Northwestern. "We no longer have national championships at all. They are all international. The feeling against aliens in the NCAA's championships is growing fast."

If that's a joke, we fail to see the point. It's been a long time since anyone advocated the tight-closed door as a formula for greatness in this country, and we think the sports arena is a poor place to revive the practice. But our objection to this device of the track coaches for regaining a questionable supremacy in the record books is not only that they would be depriving U.S. sport of a healthy infusion of foreign competition. Nor is it based entirely on a wish to be fair to young students from overseas, whose presence here is productive of far greater rewards in the form of international understanding than any silver cups or ribboned medals. The deeper roots of our objection lie in a basic distaste for the idea of using sport as a means to an end rather than an end in itself.

In the continuing seesaw of panic and plenty that has frazzled global nerves since 1945, mankind has turned more and more to the world of sport for surcease and resuscitation. In sport's comprehensible challenges and rewards, in its vital but not mortal climaxes, in its heady stimuli and clean exhaustion, modern man has found a wellspring of strength and eagerness to cope with the uncertainties that lie in wait for him on other fronts. But the world of sport needs no special plea to justify its existence.

In a recent article calling for a realistic system of compensating college footballers Geophysicist Joseph Kaplan, former athletic adviser at UCLA, declared that "the space age is geared to specialization, and there is no room in it for amateurs." Avery Brundage, chairman of the International Olympic Committee, on the other hand, seems equally impatient of professionalism. "You can't," he told a meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, "make a champion with a subsidy. We must teach our children that the best amusement is that which they create themselves. Then, perhaps, we'll get them out of the bleachers to play the game."

Mr. Brundage and Dr. Kaplan are both sports lovers. Both are sincere patriots with the good of the nation foremost in their minds. But we think they are as misled as the college track coaches when they try to confine and channel one of mankind's great modes of expression to a specific purpose, no matter how high its aims. The strength of sport lies most of all in freedom to flex its muscles at will. The U.S. will not sustain its position in the world by doing push-ups or recording titles alone. It will find its greatness only in the free and untrammeled exercise of its national heritage. The world of sport can play a part in this only if there is room in it for amateurs and professionals alike, for aliens and natives, for the solitary angler on a rocky promontory in the morning mists and the screaming fans at a mid-Manhattan roller derby. As we see it, the world of sports is a wide world located far beyond any tightly closed door.

"The proper study of mankind," wrote Pope, "is man." The proper pursuit of the sportsman, we believe, is sport—wherever and however he may find it. END

OTHERS FIND FASTER FUN IN THE GRIPPING EXCITEMENTS OF A ROLLER DERBY



INSIDE THE BOWLS

Red Grange makes his predictions and analyses of the annual football classics, and the football staff and correspondents present their scouting reports on the contestants. On the right are the TV data for each game. Save them and the scouting reports for use during the games



RED GRANGE

THIS was the year when the offense caught up to the defense as college coaches used their ingenuity to transform football into a giant guessing game between attackers and defenders. Flankers, split ends, spreads and more passing were the general rule rather than the unusual and became the answer to jitterbugging, stunting and looping defenses which had threatened to make the game dull and uninteresting. The product of this exciting, and welcome, change will be seen in the bowl games, where some of the nation's best attacking teams will be using their wits as well as their brawn. Here's how I pick them:

CALIFORNIA VS. IOWA. Two of the year's greatest quarterbacks, Iowa's Randy Duncan and California's Joe Kapp, should make this a real show. Duncan has the edge in passing while Kapp is the best option play runner I saw all season. The Hawkeyes' speed and imagination, plus Duncan's passes, will win for IOWA.

AIR FORCE VS. TCU. The surprising Air Force may be in over its head against TCU's big, mobile line and able backs like Fullback Jack Spikes. The smaller Falcons will rely upon their speed and Rich Mayo's passing, but I'm afraid their wings will be clipped by TCU.

CLEMSON VS. LSU. Billy Cannon has been everyone's All-America, but it takes more than one man to keep a team unbeaten and LSU also has Quarterback Warren Rabb, Halfback Johnny Robinson, Center Max Fugler and those colorful "Chinese Bandits." Clemson is in a good spot to pull an upset if Quarterback Harvey White is right, but my choice is LSU.

OKLAHOMA VS. SYRACUSE. Syracuse figures to test Ok'a-homa with Chick Zimmerman's passing and a rough-and-ready line. However, the Sooners rarely lose in the Orange Bowl and greater depth will make the difference. OKLAHOMA.

FLORIDA VS. MISSISSIPPI (Dec. 27). A tough one to pick in a battle between two fine quarterbacks, Florida's Jimmy Dunn and Ole Miss's Bobby Franklin, and two good lines. Better balance gives the nod to MISSISSIPPI.

GRANGE'S SEASON RECORD:
69 RIGHT; 26 WRONG; 5 TIES .690 PCT.

ROSE
Pasadena, Calif.
CALIFORNIA VS. IOWA
JAN 1, 4:45 P.M. E.S.T., NBC-TV
SCOUTING REPORT, P. 31

COTTON
Dallas
AIR FORCE VS. TCU
JAN 1, 3:30 P.M. E.S.T., CBS-TV
SCOUTING REPORT, P. 32

SUGAR
New Orleans
CLEMSON VS. LSU
JAN 1, 1:45 P.M. E.S.T., NBC-TV
SCOUTING REPORT, P. 33

ORANGE
Miami
OKLAHOMA VS. SYRACUSE
JAN 1, 12:45 P.M. E.S.T., CBS-TV
SCOUTING REPORT, P. 34

GATOR
Jacksonville
FLORIDA VS. MISSISSIPPI
DEC. 27, 2 P.M. E.S.T., CBS-TV
SCOUTING REPORT, P. 35

ROSE BOWL

Two offense-minded teams meet in finale of the lopsided series between the winners of the Big Ten and Pacific Coast Conferances

CALIFORNIA



JOE KAPP RUNS BACK AN OREGON PASS INTERCEPTION

Steadiness is the keynote of the Golden Bears, a young team which young Coach Pete Elliott brings to the Rose Bowl at least a year sooner than anyone expected. The man to watch is Quarterback JOE KAPP, who operates the obsolescent split-T option the way the designer intended. Though a fine passer, Kapp lacks adequate receivers, the most useful weapon against Iowa. The Bears are most dangerous when Kapp, with his deceptively rapid, birdlike stride, breaks wide or into the open; then his ability either to retain the ball or lateral is a joy to see. Halfback JACK HART is Kapp's partner on these plays. This relatively small player is not too fast, but he makes all the plays well and tackles and blocks with the best of college backs. The Cal line will be undersized, but Guard PETE DOMOTO, a fine linebacker, and Tackle FRANK SALLY, who is strong and mobile and a fine blocker, will help offset lack of size and replacements.

JOE KAPP **22**



QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.
Stockton, Calif.

JACK HART **43**



R. HALFBACK
5 ft. 11 in., 164 lbs.
Garden Grove, Calif.

PETE DOMOTO **60**



LEFT GUARD
6 ft., 200 lbs.
Berkeley, Calif.

FRANK SALLY **70**



RIGHT TACKLE
6 ft. 2 in., 215 lbs.
Castro Valley, Calif.

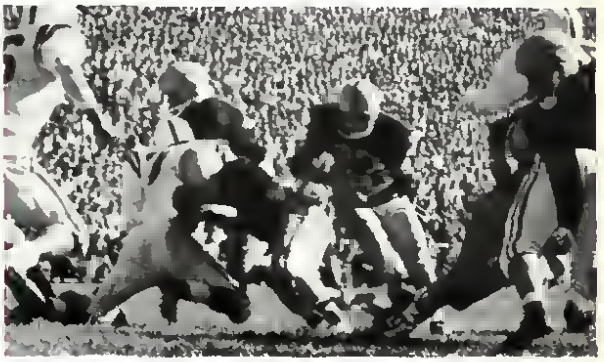
1958 RECORD

20	COP	24
12	MICH. ST.	32
24	WASH. ST.	14
26	UTAH	21
14	USC	12
22	OREGON	6
6	OREGON ST.	14
20	UCLA	17
12	WASH.	7
16	STANFORD	15

ROSTER

10	Crowe, RHB	61	Piestrup, RG
14	Olguin, LHB	65	Jence, C
15	Gervin, LHB	67	Green, RG
22	Kapp, QB	66	Lundgren, LE
20	Arnold, FB	70	Sally, RT
32	Patton, FB	72	Newell, LT
41	Yermen, RHB	75	Streehly, LT
43	Hart, RHB	76	Michael, RT
52	Doretti, C	85	Botes, RE
60	Domoto, LG	90	Holeton, LE

IOWA



FULLBACK DON HORN RUMBLES THROUGH INDIANA FOR TO

The best offensive team in the nation scored at least three touchdowns per game after 13-13 tie with Air Force in its second outing. Quarterback RANDY DUNCAN is an exciting, gambling play-caller with one of the half dozen best passing arms in college football. He has five top ends for receivers, led by CURT MERZ, who is not fast but makes impossible catches. The Hawkeyes have four dazzling halfbacks in WILLIE FLEMING, BOB JETER, RAY JAUCH (pronounced Yowk) and KEVIN FURLONG. The power runners are Fullbacks DON HORN and Captain JOHN NOCERA. Iowa can, however, be scored against, particularly on passes; the halfbacks are not very tall, and good receivers can get behind Duncan. The alternating Iowa lines—the lightest averaging 197 pounds—are brutes by most standards; and watch Guard GARY GROUWINKEL, a fine reliable linebacker and quick tough offensive blocker, on most of the wing-T running plays.

WILLIE FLEMING **15**



R. HALFBACK
5 ft. 9 in., 175 lbs.
Detroit

RANDY DUNCAN **25**



QUARTERBACK
6 ft., 181 lbs.
Des Moines

GARY GROUWINKEL **60**



LEFT GUARD
6 ft., 210 lbs.
Wapello, Iowa

CURT MERZ **82**



LEFT END
6 ft. 4 in., 219 lbs.
Springfield, N.J.

1958 RECORD

17	TCU	0
13	AIR FORCE	13
24	INDIANA	13
20	WISCONSIN	0
26	N'WESTERN	20
37	MICHIGAN	14
28	MINNESOTA	6
26	OHIO STATE	28
31	NOTRE DAME	21

ROSTER

11	Jeter, LHB	55	Lewis, RT
19	Fleming, RHB	60	Grouwinkel, LG
23	Ogrege, QB	65	Drake, RG
25	Duncan, QB	66	Shipanik, RG
30	Horn, FB	72	Burroughs, LT
33	Nocera, FB	76	Sewin, RT
46	Jauch, RHB	82	Merz, LE
47	Furlong, LHB	83	Langston, LE
51	Humphreys, C	86	Prescott, RE
52	Lapham, C	85	Norton, RE

CONTINUED

COTTON BOWL

A small young Air Force team meets a large young Texas Christian team, and the odds, as usual, favor the side with the bigger guns

AIR FORCE



JIM KERR SCORES ON DIVE THROUGH HOLE IN DETROIT LINE

Guile and gumption mark the alarmingly small but very enthusiastic Air Force Academy Falcons. Coach Ben Martin's dream team hasn't the size to overpower the opposition on offense or defense, so it must substitute speed and intuitive reactions for heft. This the Falcons have done superbly well under the calculatingly reckless direction of young RICH MAYO, a 19-year-old quarterback who passes well and reacts to adversity with the aplomb of a born fighter pilot. The Falcon ground attack is built around the strong running of Fullback STEVE GALIOS, who is the best football player on the Falcon team. The Falcons concentrate on short gainers, aground or in the air, using halfback traps and the belly series with considerable success. The defense, anchored on Tackle BROCK STROM and an agile, hard-tackling guard named HOWARD BRONSON, jabs and feints, hits and runs to avoid being ground down by power.

RICH MAYO **12**



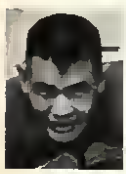
QUARTERBACK
5 ft. 11 in., 170 lbs.
Eureka, Calif.

STEVE GALIOS **36**



FULLBACK
6 ft., 195 lbs.
Naga, Calif.

HOWARD BRONSON **63**



LEFT GUARD
5 ft. 10 in., 165 lbs.
Falls Church, Va.

BROCK STROM **75**



RIGHT TACKLE
6 ft., 217 lbs.
Ironwood, Mich.

1958 RECORD

37	DETROIT	6
13	IOWA	13
36	COLORADO ST.	6
16	STANFORD	0
16	UTAH	14
33	OKLA. ST.	29
16	DENVER	7
21	WYOMING	6
45	NEW MEXICO	7
20	COLORADO	14

ROSTER

11	Kuenzel, QB	64	C. Zeleski, RG
12	Maya, QB	67	Cubera, LG
24	Pugish, LHB	66	Johnson, RG
27	Quinlan, LHB	74	Wideman, LT
34	Thomson, FB	75	Strom, RT
36	Gallas, FB	76	Phillips, LT
46	Lane, LHB	83	Jezwiak, RE
54	Gulledge, C	64	Rodgers, LE
56	Meares, C	67	Hardage, RE
63	Brennan, LG	66	Brickey, LE

TCU



MARVIN LASATER FOLLOWS HIS BLOCKING FOR TCU YARDAGE

Beef and balance overcame a woeful lack of experience for Texas Christian's Horned Frogs. Constantly plagued by the mental failings of their youth, the Frogs compensated for their errors by sheer physical violence. Coach Abe Martin, a placid, optimistic man, shuffled his three platoons in and out of games casually, depended on a massive line to contain opponents' running. Gang-tackling is a TCU trademark. JACK SPIKES, called "The Big Panther" for his ability to go over, around or through enemy tacklers, is a very authoritative fullback; HUNTER ENIS, an unsung senior quarterback, passes wonderfully well, does an excellent job of directing the "assorted T" offense. DON FLOYD, a real All-America tackle, is strong, smart and fast enough to compensate for his few mistakes. SHERRILL HEADRICK, best of the fine linebackers, has wide range, good instinct. Team weakness, if any, is pass defense, a failing of youth.

JACK SPIKES **20**



FULLBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.
Snyder, Texas

HUNTER ENIS **43**



QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 185 lbs.
Fort Worth

SHERRILL HEADRICK **69**



LEFT GUARD
6 ft. 2 in., 210 lbs.
Fort Worth

DON FLOYD **75**



LEFT TACKLE
6 ft. 3 in., 225 lbs.
Midlothian, Texas

1958 RECORD

42	KANSAS	0
0	IOWA	17
12	ARKANSAS	7
26	TEXAS TECH	0
24	TEXAS A&M	6
22	BAYLOR	0
36	MARQUETTE	8
22	TEXAS	6
21	RICE	10
13	SMU	20

ROSTER

10	Dawson, QB	66	Armstrong, RG
12	Gault, LHB	68	Robb, RT
14	Vacek, RHB	69	Headrick, LG
20	Spikes, FB	75	Floyd, LT
23	Lasater, LHB	76	Roach, RT
26	Harris, RHB	78	McSpadden, RG
33	Priddy, FB	61	Meyer, RE
43	Enis, QB	63	Ham, LE
53	Martin, C	66	Peebles, RE
54	Walker, C	67	Gilmore, LE

SUGAR BOWL

Big, fast LSU faces big, not-so-fast Clemson and the race, despite the parable of the tortoise and the hare, should go to the swift

CLEMSON



HARVEY WHITE (19) HAS ALL DAY TO PASS FOR CLEMSON

Strong but slow, this Clemson team is seriously handicapped by its glaring lack of speed, especially in the line. This hasn't hurt much defensively, although opponents have enjoyed considerable success running outside the Clemson ends, but the Tigers' attack is restricted to the air or to shots inside tackle. The team needs a climax runner and a consistent punter, too. However, what Clemson can do, it does well; HARVEY WHITE, the quarterback, runs the option resourcefully, passes well both long and short, is dangerous when trapped, gets good yardage on his deceptive bootlegs. GEORGE USRY, a small but rough halfback, gets good short yardage, is the Tigers' finest pass receiver. The line is built around RAY MASNERI, a sound end who covers well to the inside, and BILL THOMAS, hard-blocking center who is an alert linebacker, especially effective on pass defense. Reserves are adequate, should match LSU depth.

HARVEY WHITE **19**



QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs
Greenwood, S. C.

GEORGE USRY **40**



L. HALFBACK
5 ft. 10 in., 175 lbs
Waycross, Ga.

BILL THOMAS **57**



CENTER
6 ft., 220 lbs.
Layton, Pa.

RAY MASNERI **87**



LEFT END
6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs
California, Pa.

1958 RECORD

20	VIRGINIA	15
28	N. CAROLINA	21
8	MARYLAND	0
12	VANDERBILT	7
6	S. CAROLINA	26
14	WAKE FOREST	12
0	GA. TECH	13
13	N. CAROLINA ST.	8
34	BOSTON COLL.	12
36	FURMAN	19

ROSTER

12	Shingler, QB	64	Payne, LG
19	White, QB	65	Lynn, RG
26	Morgan, RHB	69	Creut, LG
33	Hayes, FB	72	McCanless, LT
37	Cline, FB	74	Cordileone, RT
40	Usry, LHB	76	Padgett, LT
43	Daigneault, RHB	82	Cox, RE
47	Mathis, LHB	85	Anderson, RE
54	Snyder, C	88	DeBerdelaben, LE
57	Thomas, C	87	Masneri, LE

LSU



LOOSE TIGER IS THE MAGNIFICENT HALFBACK BILLY CANNON

Big, fast and numerous, Louisiana State's three-platoon team deserves its No. 1 rating in the wire-service polls. The backfield, headed by BILLY CANNON, is big and rugged as well as quick, and it can strike for touchdowns from anywhere on the field. The line is a trifle small, perhaps, but it moves well. Coach Paul Dietzel, making a virtue of necessity, has his reserves divided into an offensive team (the "Go" team) and a defensive team (the Chinese Bandits). Cannon is the LSU nonpareil. He weighs 204, runs the hundred in 9.5, has power and elusiveness and, to gild the lily, passes and punts. WARREN RABB, the quarterback, is a good ball handler, good leader, adequate passer. The line boasts MAX FUGLER, a fullback converted to center, who has wonderful reactions, quickness and anticipation. BILLY HENDRIX, a bit small at end, is a sure-handed receiver, like most LSU linemen fast and quick enough for a back.

WARREN RABB **12**



QUARTERBACK
6 ft., 190 lbs.
Baton Rouge

BILLY CANNON **20**



L. HALFBACK
6 ft. 1 in., 204 lbs.
Baton Rouge

MAX FUGLER **51**



CENTER
6 ft. 1 in., 203 lbs
Ferriday, La.

BILLY HENDRIX **85**



LEFT END
6 ft., 185 lbs.
Rayville, La.

1958 RECORD

28	RICE	6
13	ALABAMA	3
20	HARDIN-SIMMONS	8
41	MIAMI	0
32	KENTUCKY	7
10	FLORIDA	7
14	MISSISSIPPI	0
50	DUKE	18
7	MISS. ST.	8
62	TULANE	0

ROSTER

12	Rabb, QB	88	Stupka, RG
20	Cannon, LHB	87	McCreedy, RG
33	Daye, RHB	70	LeBlanc, LT
34	Robinson, RHB	72	Strange, RT
40	Brodnax, FB	73	Freyer, RT
44	Davis, FB	74	McCarty, LT
51	Fugler, C	75	Branch, LT
61	Lott, RG	80	Bourgeois, LE
64	Kahlden, LG	85	Hendrix, LE
85	Fournet, LG	88	Mangham, RE

CONTINUED

ORANGE BOWL

Two plodding teams with little guile and much power will try to run over and through one another. A surprise pass might win it

OKLAHOMA



HALFBACK-TO-HALFBACK PASS IS CAUGHT BY JIM CARPENTER

A rugged defense has been the long suit for the 1958 Sooners, who were again one of the nation's great teams. At the start of the season it looked as if Coach Bud Wilkinson was going to open up his offense, but after the loss to Texas he went back to the grind-'em-out split-T with Fullback PRENTICE GAUTT, Oklahoma's first Negro player, carrying most of the load up the middle. Among a number of light and fast halfbacks who can both run and pass on the wide option, BREWSTER HOBBY is the most dangerous. Typical of the lean, tough players Wilkinson favors is End ROSS COYLE, a good receiver and dependable blocker, whose lack of weight is his only handicap. Center BOB HARRISON is a superb linebacker and as good an offensive center as there is in college ball. First-string Quarterback Dave Baker was dropped from college after the season ended but will be ably replaced by Sophomore BOB CORNELL and Junior BOB BOYD.

BREWSTER HOBBY — **32**



R. HALFBACK
5 ft. 8 in., 175 lbs.
M'west City, Okla.

PRENTICE GAUTT — **38**



FULLBACK
5 ft. 11 in., 196 lbs.
Oklahoma City

BOB HARRISON — **54**



CENTER
6 ft. 2 in., 211 lbs.
Stamford, Texas

ROSS COYLE — **84**



LEFT END
6 ft. 3 in., 186 lbs.
Marlow, Okla.

1958 RECORD

47	W. VIRGINIA	14
8	OREGON	0
14	TEXAS	15
43	KANSAS	0
40	KANSAS ST.	8
23	COLORADO	7
20	IOWA ST	8
39	MISSOURI	8
40	NEBRASKA	7
7	OKLA. ST.	8

ROSTER

14	Cornell, QB	54	Harrison, C
22	J. Carpenter, LHB	55	Payne, LG
25	Boyd, QB	66	Thompson, LG
27	Sandefer, LHB	73	Lewis, LT
32	Hobby, RHB	74	Corbitt, RG
33	D. Carpenter, RHB	80	Reeter, RE
38	Gautt, FB	83	Durham, RT
40	McDaniel, LE	84	Coyle, LE
41	Relle, FB	90	Jennings, LT
53	Davis, RG	92	Lawrence, RT

SYRACUSE



END DAVE BAKER GRABS LONG TOSS FROM CHICK ZIMMERMAN

Power and depth are the qualities that characterize this year's Syracuse team that Coach Ben Schwartzwalder has called the best balanced of any in his 10 years with the Orangemen. It is a team that likes to move straight ahead and concentrate on ball control from a straight T with unbalanced line; when the concentration of forces in front gets too heavy, Quarterback CHICK ZIMMERMAN throws an occasional pass, with End DAVE BAKER as his favorite target. Halfback GERHARD SCHWEDES, a battering runner, is the power runner besides being one of the keystones in the Orangemen's rugged defense from his corner linebacker's spot. Another vital cog in the defense is Tackle RON LUCIANO, also an outstanding blocker. No one has had much success moving through the Syracuse line what with its size and strength and three-deep supply of good replacements, but, lacking speed, the team can be run around and thrown over.

GERHARD SCHWEDES — **16**



R. HALFBACK
6 ft. 1 in., 187 lbs.
Whitehouse, N. H.

CHICK ZIMMERMAN — **23**



QUARTERBACK
6 ft., 180 lbs.
Syracuse, N. Y.

RON LUCIANO — **78**



TACKLE
6 ft. 2 in., 224 lbs.
Endicott, N. Y.

DAVE SAKER — **89**



LEFT END
6 ft. 1 in., 187 lbs.
Newton Ctr., Mass.

1958 RECORD

24	BOSTON COLL	14
13	HOLY CROSS	14
55	CORNELL	6
38	NEBRASKA	0
14	PENN ST	8
18	PITT	13
42	BOSTON U.	0
47	COLGATE	0
15	W. VIRGINIA	12

ROSTER

16	Schwedes, RHB	68	Davis, LG
17	Weber, LHB	72	Terbox, RG
23	Zimmerman, QB	75	Yates, T
28	Fogarty, QB	77	Gerlick, T
38	Keller, FB	78	Luciano, T
44	Stephens, LHB	78	Hershey, T
48	A. Baker, RHB	82	F. Mautino, RE
53	Applehof, C	84	Gilburg, LE
58	Nichols, C	87	Youmans, LG
68	Benedick, RG	89	D. Baker, LE

GATOR BOWL

Florida, a team which defends magnificently, meets a Mississippi team which does everything pretty well but may not score enough this time

FLORIDA



QUARTERBACK JIMMY DUNN GETS FLORIDA OPTION UNDER WAY

A great defense makes Florida hard to beat, especially for a team which must move mainly on the ground. The Florida line ranks with the best in the nation; it held LSU to a measly 89 yards rushing. Pass defense is a bit weak; Florida allows the short pass to cut off the long one. The Florida offense, operated by Quarterback JIMMY DUNN, suffers from a lack of top-notch halfbacks. Dunn, as a result, has a tendency to keep the ball on his option plays. BOB MILBY, a sophomore fullback, is the best runner on the team, but he is not a breakaway threat. Team runs from straight T, uses the belly series effectively. Florida lacks Mississippi's team speed and hasn't nearly the Ole Miss backfield strength. VEL HECKMAN, a husky tackle who is great on defense, and DON FLEMING, a tough end who covers well outside, key the well-manned Florida line. Dunn and JOE GREEN provide the Gators with some fine punting.

JIMMY DUNN **14**



QUARTERBACK
5 ft. 10 in., 142 lbs
Tampa

BOB MILBY **41**



FULLBACK
6 ft., 196 lbs
Ocala, Fla

VEL HECKMAN **72**



RIGHT TACKLE
6 ft., 230 lbs
Allentown, Pa.

DON FLEMING **83**



LEFT END
6 ft., 176 lbs
Shadyside, Ohio

1958 RECORD

34	TULANE	14
7	MISS. ST.	14
21	UCLA	14
6	VANDERBILT	6
7	LSU	10
5	AUBURN	6
7	GEORGIA	6
51	ARKANSAS ST.	7
21	FLA. ST.	7
12	MIAMI	6

ROSTER

14	Dunn, QB	66	Miranda, RG
15	Ellenburg, QB	64	Johns, RG
21	Deal, RHB	65	Cox, LG
25	Newbern, RHB	67	Glennemere, LG
26	Booker, LHB	72	Heckman, RT
32	Partin, LHB	74	Schutz, LT
41	Milby, FB	77	Royal, RT
46	MacBeth, FB	83	Fleming, LE
54	Hergert, C	66	Patchen, LE
56	Greene, C	67	Hudson, RE

MISSISSIPPI



BOBBY FRANKLIN, AN EXPERT AT THE OPTION, BREAKS LOOSE

Balanced depth gives Ole Miss an offense difficult to defend against since Coach Johnny Vaught's team can turn to the air should an opponent clog the ground routes. Team speed is good and Quarterback BOBBY FRANKLIN runs a dandy option, throws long or short and is an intelligent signal caller. Punch in the Ole Miss attack is supplied by CHARLIE FLOWERS, an excellent fullback who does not have great speed but does have good balance, elusiveness. He lacks something as a blocker, though. LARRY GRANTHAM is a solid all-round end, although he covers better to the inside than to the out and sometimes loses a block because he ducks his head. One of the moving forces in the Ole Miss running game is MARVIN TERRELL, a fast-pulling guard with great blocking talent. Team defense is strong against running, fair against passing. BOB KHAYAT gives Ole Miss a field-goal threat which could be margin in a tight game. Line is fast, deep.

BOBBY FRANKLIN **10**



QUARTERBACK
5 ft. 10 in., 169 lbs
Clarkedale, Miss.

CHARLIE FLOWERS **41**



FULLBACK
6 ft., 197 lbs.
Marianna, Ark.

MARV TERRELL **63**



RIGHT GUARD
6 ft., 210 lbs
Indianola, Miss

LARRY GRANTHAM **88**



LEFT END
6 ft., 165 lbs.
Crystal Springs, Miss

1958 RECORD

17	MEMPHIS ST.	0
27	KENTUCKY	6
21	TRINITY (TEXAS)	0
16	TULANE	6
24	HARDIN-SIMMONS	0
14	ARKANSAS	12
0	LSU	14
56	HOUSTON	7
16	TENNESSEE	16
21	MISS. ST.	0

ROSTER

10	Franklin, QB	67	Cooper, LG
16	Answer, QB	66	Price, LG
30	Lovelace, RHB	71	Smith, LT
32	Woodrum, LHB	74	Sanders, RT
41	Flowers, FB	76	Khayat, LT
42	Anderson, FB	76	Owens, RT
51	Crain, C	60	Daniels, RE
53	Kirk, C	82	Templeton, LE
63	Terrell, RG	85	Jenkins, RE
64	Churchwell, RG	88	Grantham, LE



Trish Galvin holds her gray, three-day mare Brae Na Ri, which she rode in the Wofford Cup at Colorado Springs.



Carin Cone, of Ridgewood, N.J., swims to another American record. She has held 12 national backstroke titles.



Carola Mandel of Chicago demonstrates the form which helped her score a record average in registered targets.



Carol and Nancy Heiss execute a difficult stag jump, and Karen Hantze (below) follows through grimly after serve.



Color Photographs by Milton H. Greene

Champions in Fine Plumage

It is a wistful and faded Hollywood *trompe-l'oeil* that a librarian or a schoolmarm is some beautiful doll, only the hero doesn't know about it because she wears window-glass glasses, puts her hair up in a mousy bun and buttons all the buttons. In the seventh reel, however, she whips off the glasses, shakes the hair out, leaves a top button carelessly unbuttoned, and the hero does a double-take. Golly, he marvels, she isn't Marjorie Main after all, she's Gina Lollobrigida! There is also an old canard that girl athletes are nice kids though nothing to look at. But, as Milton Greene documents on the following pages, and as anyone with 20-20 vision knew all along, they can be very lovely to look at, indeed, whether in working clothes or formals.

First, examine the girls at left. They are, in descending order: Trish Galvin, one of America's most promising horsewomen; Carin Cone, a national backstroke champion; Mrs. Carola Mandel, a former national skeet champion; Carol Heiss, world figure skating champion; Nancy Heiss, who finished sixth in the 1958 world championships; and Karen Hantze, national girls' doubles champion. Now, turn the page to see them as a Hollywood hero might along about reel seven. Golly!

Patricia Galvin

Horsewoman Trish, 19, sits demurely in a Jacques Fath gown on the family ranch at Santa Ynez, Calif.





CARIN CONE

The radiant, buoyant swimming champion is now a University of Houston freshman



Carola Mandel

Elegant in a Lanvin gown, the world renowned skeet shot poses with her rare Rottweiler

Carol and Nancy Heiss

In gay party dresses are skating champion Carol (right), 18, and her sister Nancy, 17





KAREN HANTZE

Tennis champion Karen, 16, muses gently beneath pepper tree in San Diego backyard



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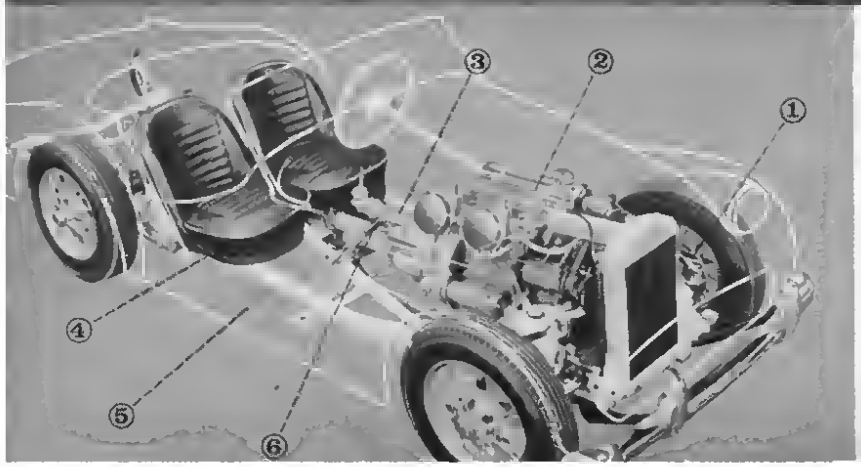
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First of two parts

THE JOYOUS ART OF FIGURE SKATING

Maribel Vinson, winner of 15 national titles, explains the ABCs of a fast-growing pastime



BY MARIBEL VINSON WITH MARY SNOW
Illustrated by Robert Riger

Every Wednesday a number of housewives gather at the Boston Arena, lace on their skates and advance confidently across the ice for a lesson with Maribel Vinson. Most of these women never had skates on before, yet by now they are gliding as gracefully as the teen-ager at right. A few of Miss Vinson's pupils come to work off excess pounds, but most just want to join their families in the fun of skating. They could hardly find a better teacher, for Maribel Vinson has trained half a dozen champions, including the incomparable Tenley Albright, and 3,500 recreational skaters in the last 15 years. Now, on the following pages she explains the simple steps that can enable anyone to enjoy themselves on the ice. Then, in the January 5 issue, she shows how to mold these basic steps into the delightful art of pair skating in which any two people of average ability can have more than twice as much fun by skating together.

CONTINUED

PART I

THE RIGHT START WITH THE RIGHT SKATE

To make the fastest progress and get the most pleasure out of skating you must have boots which give plenty of support to your heels and ankles. Contrary to a commonly accepted notion, it has been proved over and over again that there is no such thing as "weak ankles" when you have properly fitting boots. You may have to spend a few dollars more, but there's no point in trying to stand upright on a thin edge of steel without support. Good readymade boots cost between $18 and $25 and the blades are $10. To insure a proper fit follow the instructions carefully and begin by insisting that the salesman allow you to try the boots on without the blades. Since you need a boot that fits snugly, throw away the heavy socks, for they won't keep your feet warm and will only cramp your toes: women should wear their nylons and men their ordinary socks.

Slip into the boot and lace it up as shown in the illustration below. Make sure that even though you lace the boot very tightly over the instep, there is a gap of 1½ to 2 inches between the holes, for the leather eventually will stretch. When you stand up, your toes should lightly touch but not press against the end of the boot, and there should be enough breadth across the toes so that you can wiggle them easily. Keeping your heels on the floor, bend your knees and ankles as far forward as you can. Check to see that there are no pronounced bulges or wrinkles around the ankle and across the instep, then rise up on your toes and make sure that your heels do not budge out of the heel pocket. If the boot is correctly made you should experience a strong feeling of support along the inside of the ankle and through the heel.

Now you are ready to have the blades attached. They are quite different from hockey-skate blades, which have a flat surface. A figure blade is ground with a hollow groove down the middle. It is the edges, ground like a fine cutting tool, that border this groove that facilitate turning and allow the skater who masters them to trace precise patterns on the ice.

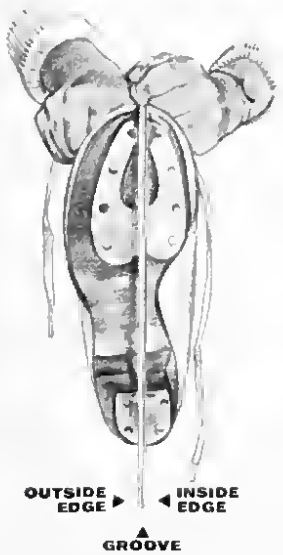
Skating has a language of its own, and it will save you a lot of confusion if you learn it before stepping out on the ice.

First, the skating foot is the foot on the ice; the free foot is the foot in the air. Dividing the body down the middle, each part of the body corresponding to the skating foot is called the skating arm, the skating shoulder, the skating hip, etc. Each part corresponding to the free foot is labeled the free arm, the free shoulder, the free hip, etc.

Second, as is shown in the illustration below left, the edge of the blade that corresponds to the outside of the foot is called an outside edge; the other an inside edge. Remember, you've got a right and left foot, therefore there are really four edges on a *pair* of skates. These are a right and left outside edge and a right and left inside edge.

Third, the term forward or backward when applied to the edge of a skate means the direction in which you are going. When applied to a member of the body, forward means toward the front of the body, backward means behind the body. If we state that the skating arm is forward, we mean that regardless of the particular direction in which you are moving the skating arm is in front of the body.

In the more complicated figures these movements are often designated by combining the three factors and abbreviating. For example, the letters ROF mean that the skater is on the right foot, outside edge, moving forward. For the simple steps shown in this lesson, however, each word will be spelled out fully. On the page opposite, we show how to take the first uncertain steps. Then, on page 46, you begin your first skating strokes.

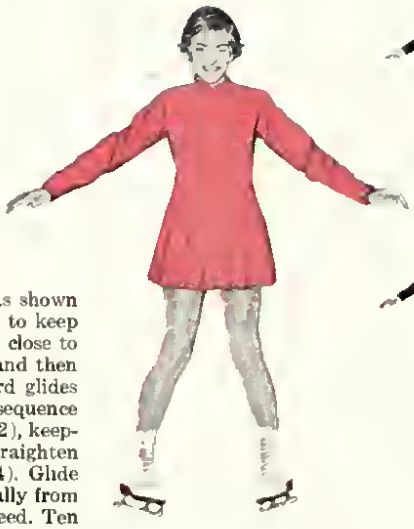


Blades and lacing

Skate plate shown at left is set off center so that blade is closer to inside of foot where weight of body is greatest. Teeth at blade point are used only by advanced skaters for pivots, spins and jumps. Drawing at right shows proper way to lace boot. Lace first four holes fairly loosely, then very tightly through circled area and tie at this point with surgeon's knot (bold one lace and wrap the other around it twice). Above knot, tie the boots very loosely (to avoid leg cramps), hooking the laces through the eyelet hooks above the ankle bones to top of boot. Test looseness at top by slipping finger between shin bone and tongue of boot.









Take it easy. Don't rush

Step out on ice using rail or friend's hand, or both, for support, as shown above. Balance first on one blade and then the other, trying hard to keep ankles upright and knees flexible. Pick up feet gently, keeping them close to ice. Propel yourself along rail by hand, gliding first on one skate and then the other. Then push off parallel to rail and attempt short forward glides on your own. Once you feel secure, go ahead with the forward scull sequence as shown at right. Point toes out (1), then slide feet out diagonally (2), keeping your weight evenly divided and on the back of the blades. Straighten knees, force toes in (3 and large figure) and slide feet together (4). Glide along for a moment, then repeat the maneuver, counting rhythmically from one to four until you work up continuity and a fair amount of speed. Ten such sequences should carry you about 100 feet or more down the ice.



Stretch that tendon!

Did sculling make your legs ache? Probably a rebellious tendon. Exercise it by bracing toes against rink barrier, as above, or use rungs of a sturdy chair. Pull up slowly.



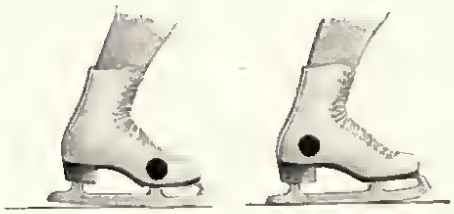
Limber up those hips!

Ability to turn legs out is vital in most skating maneuvers. Spread feet, secure blades against barrier (*above*), straighten knees and pull up, keeping *derrière* tucked in.

CONTINUED

AND NOW, ONE FOOT AT A TIME





First, get in position

With the sculls mastered, you're ready to start stroking off onto one foot. Always keep in mind the fundamental position of skating, shown at left. Actually, it's a position of walking, except for the exaggerated forward bend of the ankles, which place the knees just ahead of the point of the skates. Arms are relaxed and kept low. As you move along, swing them naturally as in walking. The back is straight and the weight of the body is directly over the skates. To avoid tripping on skate teeth and pitching forward, keep weight slightly to back of blade (*black dot, above right*) when you try your first strokes. Conversely, when you learn to skate backward you will want to keep the weight toward front (*above left*). Begin to skate with the push-off shown in detail drawings on the opposite page. The force of the push is what makes you go, so start out with as strong a thrust as possible.



Next, the cycle of forward stroking

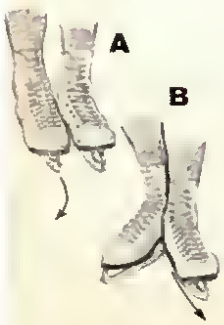
So far, we've been practicing "flat-footed," *i.e.*, with each blade's two edges in contact with the ice. Now we must learn how to get on one edge or the other so that we can transcribe circles and more complicated patterns, which are what make figure skating different and more fascinating than just plain skating. The sequence above shows you how to skate on two of the primary edges and also how to change feet by mastering the stroking combinations. As you push off (figures 1 and 2), you will find that you can get on the outside edge of the skating foot by leaning the whole body to the right. Keep the free leg straight out behind until you are ready to make the next stroke. Then bring free foot forward smoothly (3 and 4) until it is parallel to and touching the skating foot but not the ice (5 and inset A). Now, to prepare for next push, turn toe of skating foot out to 45° angle (B) and shift skate to inside edge. At the same time start moving body from a right lean to a left lean. Straighten right knee (6 and 7), at same instant complete shifting of weight to outside edge of left skate. When you finish the sequence (8), you'll discover that you are in the same position as in figure 2 except that you're now on the opposite foot.



Now, try the push-off

With knees nearly straight and body erect (1), place heel of right foot at 90° angle to instep of left. Put weight on left foot and turn the ankle strongly inward for anchorage. Bend knees deeply with weight still on left foot (2). Push hard by quickly straightening left knee, and at the same time shift weight from left foot to right foot (3). Glide as far as you can on right foot with left leg fully extended and skate held about four inches off the ice. Also practice same maneuver using right foot as anchor and pushing on to the left foot. You should be able to start equally well on either foot.





The stroking cycle is now complete, and you just keep going left, right, left, right, until you begin to tire and your strokes get ragged. Then stop and rest. Note that at all times the arms change smoothly with the change of the feet, just as they would if you were walking. Try to keep each right and left stroke the same length so that you do not unconsciously favor one foot or the other. To stop, turn both feet sideways by swinging your heels evenly to the right, bend both knees, skid against the blades and throw your left shoulder forward as seen in the three figures at the right. As you slide to a stop, straighten your knees and body to standing position.



CONTINUED

BACK AND OVER



Stroking backward

It's just as important to skate backward as forward and not as hard as you might think. Don't be afraid of falling. You won't if you prepare for backstroking by practicing a backward scull with weight on the forward part of the blades, as illustrated by the first four figures at left (*bottom of page to circle*). Start scull with toes together (1) and when you get up good sculling speed (2, 3 and 4), turn right heel out (5), push away from inside edge (6) while shifting weight to left foot. Sit hard over left foot (7), leaning left to get on outside edge. Extend right foot and arm directly in front of skating foot. Keep weight over front portion of blade and look back inside of curve over left shoulder. To continue backstroking, bring right toe down until it touches left toe. Then push again by turning left heel out, straightening left knee as you shift weight over to right outside backward edge. When your backstroke begins to work smoothly, you can flow right into the next step, the back crossover shown below, which teaches you how to lean in toward the center of a turn.



Back crossover

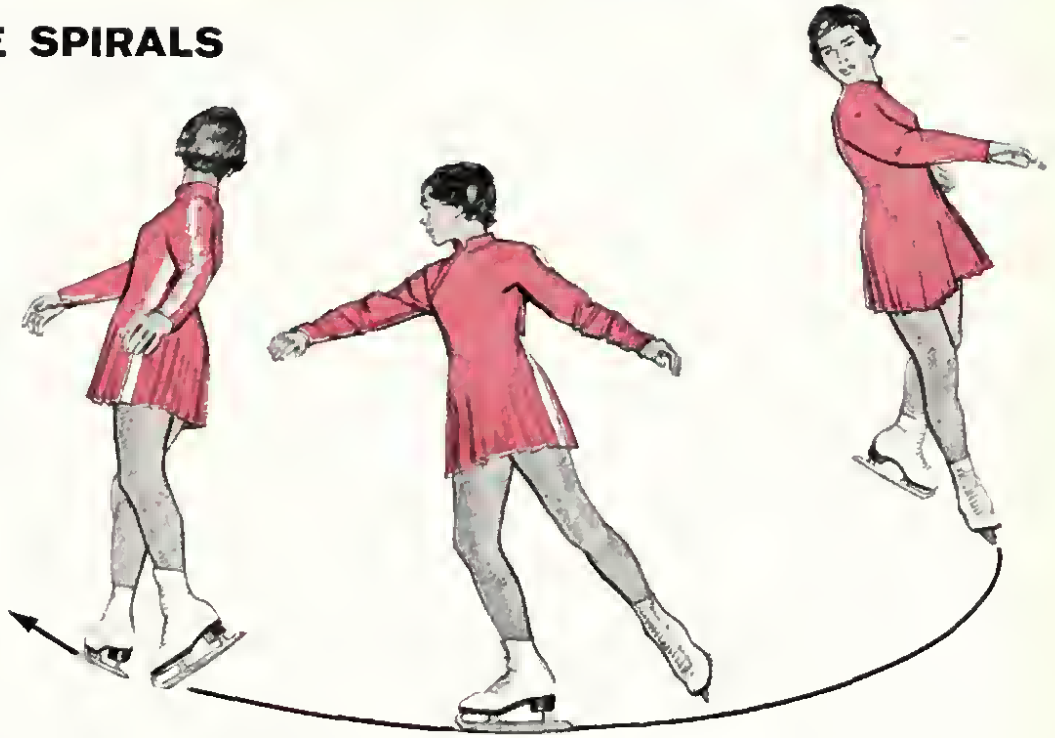
Starting with backstroke, begin crossover by bringing right foot across in front of left foot to inside of circle (first figure). Shift weight to right inside edge. Left foot glides off ice outside circle (second figure). Bring left foot in behind right (figures three, four). Repeat cross in steady rhythm from right inside to left outside, crossing right foot in front each time.



Forward crossover

Lean heavily into the circle just as in the back crossover. Bring left foot down close to and past right foot (first figure) and push off onto a left stroke (second figure). Maintain strong left lean around the circle, then bring the right foot up close (third figure) and cross it wide over the left as in the last figure. Shift weight to right inside edge, glide a moment and repeat through full circle.

THE SPIRALS



Start with the outside forward edge

The only way to make unbroken circles or patterns is by skating on one of the four edges. The most important edge, since it teaches you the confidence of a sideways body lean, is the forward outside. Start by getting up speed with a series of strong strokes and strike off onto a right outside edge by leaning the body to the right, *i.e.*, toward the middle of the circle. Keep the left leg extended behind, with the toe over the tracing cut on the ice by the right skate. The heel should be just inside the tracing. Carry the right arm in front of the body. Press free hip and leg well back, with hips on line of circle.



Now the inside forward

Try this edge first if you like. It's easier. The body faces straight ahead and leans to the inside of circle, hips and shoulders straight across the line of skating. Carry left leg with knee slightly bent so that heel is over tracing but foot itself is just inside. This time left arm should be in front of body. Keep shoulders level through turn.



Next, the outside back

Get into this one with a strong backward stroke out of a back crossover. Keep hips square to tracing, even though shoulders, head and upper body turn in direction of circle. In making an edge, never allow hips to rotate in direction of circle, or skates will skid or cut inward sharply. For this edge only, look toward outside of the circle.



Finally, the inside back

Most beginners find this one the hardest to learn. Establish a strong backward stroke. Then lean body into circle. As in outside forward, hips are parallel to circle. Look backward over left shoulder to the inside of circle. When you have mastered edges with right foot, switch to left and practice until you can control both feet equally well.

CONTINUED

THE MOHAWK TURN



The moment of the turn

If you are skating forward and want to turn around and go backward, the Mohawk turn is the easiest way to do it. Come into the turn on a left inside edge, leaning your body into the circle as in the figure at left. Keep your right shoulder pressed back and your left shoulder in front of you until the moment of the turn. Then quickly switch the shoulders, drawing the left shoulder back and thrusting the right shoulder forward. At the same instant shift your weight onto the right foot. Warning: don't try to hop onto the right foot (*see below*). Keep the motion smooth, and let the shoulders do the work.



The movement of the feet

Start by drawing the right foot in toward the left until the back of the right boot lightly touches the inside of the left heel (1). Weight is on rear of left foot as indicated by dot. Then, keeping toes turned out as far as you can (2), with both knees bent, you are ready for the instant of the turn. Now, using the shoulder action shown at top, ease the weight quickly down onto the front of right skate. Slide the left foot out (3) and glide backward with left leg fully extended. Small figures at right show full pattern of movement in the Mohawk before and after exact moment of turn.



THE THREE TURN

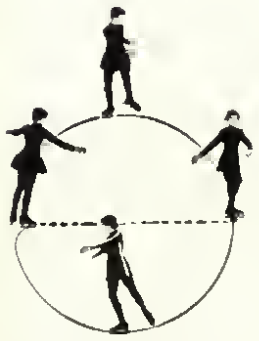
First of the fancy figures

The three is the first of the fancy turns. It looks tricky, but if you time your movements correctly it will be as smooth and easy as the Mohawk. Practice the three carefully. It is the basic maneuver for the flowing waltz which Maribel teaches in Part II.



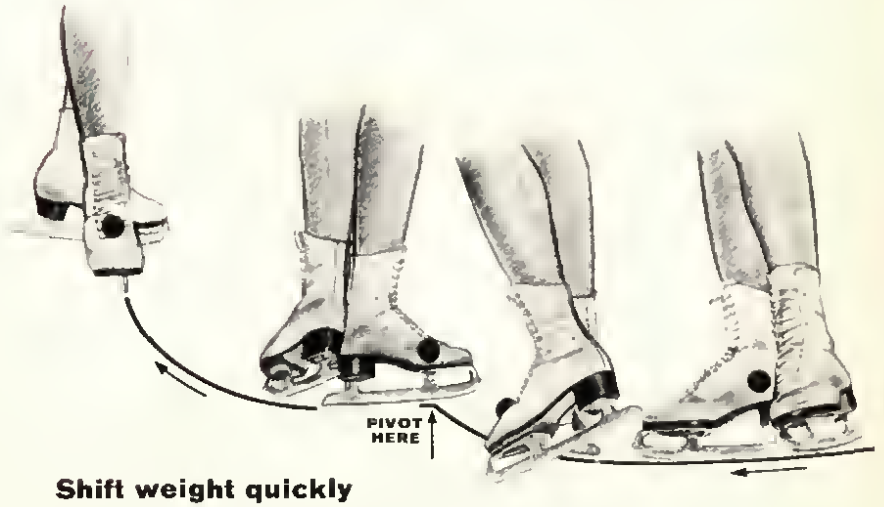
Shoulders follow the feet

The three turn is a quick movement, takes a fraction of a second and about 18 inches of space. Start with a right outside forward stroke as shown in first figure (*left*), with free leg back and free shoulder forward. Skating hip is forward and free hip pressed back along line of circle. When you want to turn, bring free leg close behind skating foot to form T position, as in second figure. Then increase backward pressure on skating shoulder and shift your weight onto forward part of skating foot. These two movements will start pivoting action of the turn. At instant of turn (third figure) allow body to swing around with skating side as axis. As soon as you feel your back inside edge grip the ice (last figure), quickly reverse your shoulders, press back hard on the left shoulder, keeping same inward body lean.



Three-pattern

The four small figures set on the clocklike circle above show that the three turn itself actually takes place at 9 o'clock, exactly opposite to the pushing start at 3 o'clock.



Shift weight quickly

Coming into turn (*right*) bring free leg in behind skating foot but keep it off the ice. As you approach the turning point, shift weight from back of blade to ball of foot. At pivot point, back half of blade lifts completely off ice to allow body to swing around in a full 180° turn. Ride out turn, gliding backward, with weight on forward part of right foot.



PART II: PARTNERS ON THE ICE

In the Jan. 5 issue, Maribel Vinson takes the basic strokes and turns she has explained, adds one vital ingredient—a partner—and blends them all into the graceful art of pair skating.

GOREN'S YEAR-END QUIZ



This is the season when some people exchange cards; some exchange gifts; you and I exchange roles. I ask the questions, and you get the first opportunity to furnish the answers.

This quiz will give trouble even to expert players. But it is the kind of trouble every avid bridge fan goes out of his way to meet. After you have tested yourself with these problems, turn the page for the answers and the key to your own rating as a player.

1 **As South you hold:**



N	E	S	W
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
2 NT	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

2 **As South you hold:**



S	W	N	E
1 ♦	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

3 **Both vulnerable. You hold:**



Your right-hand opponent opens with one ♠. What do you bid?

4 **As South you hold:**



Your side has a 70 part score, and North, your partner, opens with one ♦. What is your response?

5 **As South you hold:**



S	W	N	E
3 ♦	3 ♥	DBL	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

6 **As South you hold:**



S	W	N	E
1 ♠	PASS	2 ♦	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	3 ♣	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

7 **Both vulnerable. As South you hold:**



N	E	S	W
1♠	DBL	REDBL	1♥
PASS	PASS	1♠	2♥
DBL	2 NT	?	

What do you bid now?

8 **As South you hold:**



E	S	W	N
1♦	DBL	2♦	PASS
PASS	DBL	PASS	2♥
PASS	?		

What do you bid now?

9 **As South you hold:**



N	E	S	W
1♠	PASS	2♦	PASS
4♦	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

10 **With 60 on game. As South you hold:**



E	S	W	N
1♠	DBL	1 NT	PASS
PASS	DBL	PASS	2♥
PASS	PASS	2♠	PASS
PASS	?		

What do you bid now?

11 **As South you hold:**



Your right-hand opponent opens with three ♥. What do you bid?

12 **As South you hold:**



E	S	W	N
1♥	1 NT	PASS	3♠
PASS	?		

What do you bid now?

13 **As South you hold:**



N	E	S	W
1♠	3♠	PASS	PASS
DBL	4♠	?	

What do you bid now?

14 **As South you hold:**



S	W	N	E
2♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

15 **As South you hold:**



S	W	N	E
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

16 **As South you hold:**



N	E	S	W
PASS	1♠	DBL	PASS
PASS	PASS		

What do you lead?

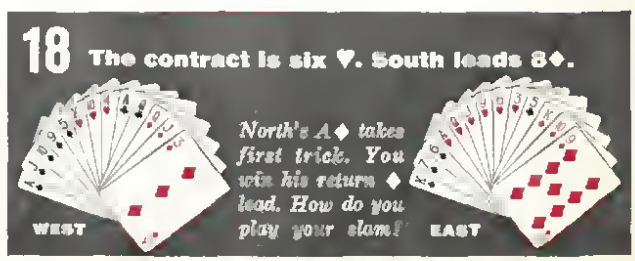
17 **As West you hold:**



S	W	N	E
1♦	PASS	2♠	2♥
2 NT	PASS	3 NT	DBL
PASS	PASS	PASS	

What do you lead?

18 **The contract is six ♥. South leads 8♦.**



FOR ANSWERS, TURN PAGE

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HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

Awards for the various bids range from 5 points down to 0. Similar awards have been made for the problems in play.

1

Six no trump	5 points
Three clubs	2 points
Five no trump	1 point
Four no trump	0

You have a good opening bid, plus a shade to spare. Since partner has opened and jumped, there should be a slam. That is all you need to know. A no-trump contract suits your hand, so there is nothing further to do than to utter the words "six no trump." As a check, refer to the point count. You have 15 points. Partner has at least 19, with some sort of fit. The total of 34 is convincing enough for slam. Other calls merit little credit, and a bid of four no trump receives none at all. It need hardly be pointed out that on this sequence of bidding it is a no-trump raise, not the Blackwood convention.

2

One spade	5 points
Three diamonds	3 points
Two no trump	2 points
Two spades	1 point
Two diamonds	0

There is no reason for undue excitement. If partner's hand is predominantly hearts, you will have nothing to cheer about.

Take it easy with a simple rebid of one spade. It is true that such a bid is not absolutely forcing, but if your partner elects to pass you may be quite sure that you have reached the correct final contract. It should be noted that a two-no trump rebid shows 19 high-card points and is not recommended with a singleton in partner's suit.

3

Pass	5 points
Two diamonds	2 points
One no trump	1 point
Double	0

Don't crowd a fellow who might be working for you, even when he's an opponent. Give him plenty of elbow space. Any action by you that tends to impede the opposition is bound to prove to your detriment.

4

Two hearts	5 points
Six no trump or six diamonds	4 points
Four no trump	3 points
Three diamonds	0
One heart	—1 (1 demerit)

To some degree, the form of action you choose depends upon the faith you have in partner. Assuming reliability—a practice which we encourage in these tests—the clear-cut response is two hearts, intending to bid at least a small slam in very short order but testing for seven. If you have some misgivings as to North's reaction to part-score situations or if, by the same line of reasoning, you feel that he may not have sufficient reliance upon you, you had better straightway contract for six no trump or six diamonds. A response of one heart rates a demerit because, inasmuch as that call completes the game, it is not forcing under the advanced part score.

5

Pass	5 points
Three no trump	2 points
Four diamonds	1 point
Five diamonds	0

There is no occasion for you to assume any further authority. You have told your story by your pre-emptive bid. In fact, you have better defensive values than partner might expect. He has undertaken to defeat the three-heart contract under his own steam and it would ill become you to adopt a mother-hen attitude. Among the other calls, three no trump has the slight merit of at least reaching for game. A contract of five diamonds, however, is sure to end in disaster.

6

Three diamonds	5 points
Three spades	3 points
Three no trump	3 points
Pass	0

Many players tend to drift into three no trump as soon as all suits have been named—a step that would be ill advised on this hand. A mere preference for three diamonds is sufficient to express your bolding. Partner should then be in position to select the best final contract. A rebid of three

spades might elicit a raise if partner has a doubleton honor.

7

Double	5 points
Four spades	2 points
Three clubs	1 point
Three spades	0

Be sure not to block traffic for partner. It is evident the opponents are floundering. By his penalty double of two hearts, partner has indicated that he is anxious to operate on the enemy, and you should not bid any number of spades. This would let them off the hook. Better strategy is to double two no trump. If they run to three diamonds, you can leave it to partner.

Three spades receives no credit since it is not forcing.

8

Three clubs	5 points
Three hearts	3 points
Pass	2 points
Three diamonds	1 point
Four hearts	0

Our choice of the three-club bid may savor a bit of the road hog. But there is method to what may appear to be our madness. On the surface, it seems strange to run out of a suit in which we hold the three top trump honors, but it must be recalled that partner was forced to speak and may have four small trumps. He may find it most inconvenient to have to ruff diamonds with the top trumps.

Although you have a good hand, stronger action would be unwise inasmuch as partner may have nothing.

9

Five clubs	5 points
Five diamonds	3 points
Four no trump	2 points
Six diamonds	1 point

You hold the playing strength equivalent of an opening bid facing a partner who has opened the bidding and jumped. It is appropriate that your fancy lightly turns to thoughts of slam. A bid of five clubs is a mild step in that direction; if partner does not contract for the slam, you may relax knowing you have done your duty. A bid of only five diamonds will probably end the auction; a leap directly to six is an unsound gamble.

10

Pass	5 points
Three hearts	2 points
Two no trump	1 point
Double	0

continued

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You hold a hand of considerable merit, to be sure. Do not, on that account, subject yourself to a deliberate loss. Holdings like this are apt to induce a false pride. Pause to consider your chances of making nine tricks with a poverty-stricken partner and you will see that discretion calls for a pass. You have given your all.

11

Pass	5 points
Three no trump	2 points
Double	0

One might be tempted in the circumstances to give out with some such outburst as "I double, and how!" But since such practice does not conform witb our standards of propriety, tbis call is not available. In our methods, a double of an opening three hid is a highly cooperative bid, tending rather toward a take-out. It is a virtual certainty that your partner has no more than one heart, and probably none. He will, therefore, bold the kind of hand on which he will surely bid if you double. So why not pass and take a sure profit? Remember, there is always the slight chance that partner may have sufficient strength to make a take-out double when the bid gets around to him, in which event you will be delighted to pass.

12

Three hearts	5 points
Five clubs	3 points
Four clubs or Three diamonds	2 points
Four no trump	1 point

That East has dragged a red herring across the scene has just become apparent. If East did not stretch the truth, where did North find sufficient high-card strength to justify a jump response? In an effort to expose the gay deceiver, a cue bid of three hearts is recommended, with the intention of supporting clubs vigorously on the next round. You have more than you needed for your one no-trump bid, and the quality of your points is first-rate. Of the other calls, only the immediate jump raise approached being adequate to describe your values.

13

Five diamonds	5 points
Four no trump	4 points
Double	3 points
Five hearts or Five clubs	2 points
Pass	1 point

In view of partner's display of strength, you should regard your holding with a bullish eye. Remember, partner has asked you to bid at the level of four, fully aware that you might have nothing. Your favorable distribution and high cards in tbe red suits should induce strong action at this point to circumvent East's hijacking effort to silence you.

With an advanced partner, four no trump is an enlightened call, asking him to select the suit. It should be quite clear that your bid is not Blackwood inasmuch as you were able to make a free bid the first time. Nor could it express a desire to play the hand at no trump, for witb adequate spades you would have doubled East. A penalty double will at least yield a greater profit than a pass, which shows complete timidity —a charge which can hardly be leveled at anyone who bid five clubs or five hearts.

14

Pass	5 points
Five spades	2 points
Six spades	0

Before you decide that your inquisitor is suffering from a fear neurosis, consider tbe significance of partner's four-spade response. The jump raise of an opening bid of two in a suit is a specialized bid, describing a hand which contains very good trump support but no ace, king or singleton. Therefore, it is clear that your side lacks the club ace, has a heart loser to dispose of and requires a bit of good fortune in the location of the king of diamonds. Any slam bid should be regarded as far too remote to consider.

15

Three diamonds	5 points
Four spades	4 points
Three no trump	2 points
Three spades	0

As the scale of credits indicates, it is a close choice between a jump raise to four spades and a jump shift to three diamonds—to our mind the top-drawer rebid. It will have the merit of ferreting out a possible slam on some holdings. While three no trump rates some credit, the three-spade rebid deserves nothing since it is not even forcing.

16

Spade 2	5 points
Diamond king or Club queen	2 points
Heart king	0

To justify this scale of awards, I will reveal the East-West hands:

West	East
♠ J 6 3	♠ A 8 7 6 5
♥ 6	♥ 8 7 5 4 3
♦ 10 7 6 5 3	♦ A
♣ 8 6 4 2	♣ A K

If you open the king of hearts, a trump shift is too late. Declarer wins with the ace, ruffs a second heart in dummy, gets back with a club, ruffs a second heart and comes back with another club. He gives South a high heart, but on the club return he ruffs and leads his fifth heart, insuring that he will make contract with an overtrick.

Open the trump, however, and before East can ruff any hearts, North will get in and draw West's remaining trumps, insuring a two-trick set.

Whenever partner has doubled a low contract or left in a take-out double he calls for a trump lead.

17

Heart	5 points
Spade queen or Club queen	1 point

Partner's double in this auction is a clear call for you to lead the suit he has bid. The fact that you hold a singleton must not dissuade you.

18 After drawing trumps and playing a third diamond (to see if the opponents' plays afford a clue to an unusual distribution) cash the ace and king of spades. If the queen does not drop, take the club finesse. The chance of a successful club finesse is equal to the chance of a successful spade finesse. Adding the possibility of dropping the spade queen is an extra that will eliminate the need for taking any finesse about one time in three. 5 points.

For any play that attempts to get a count on the opponents' distribution before deciding which way to finesse the hearts, being in a generous mood, I will award 2 points.

RATE YOURSELF

82–80:	EXPERT
72–81:	TOP RANK
54–71:	GOOD
38–53:	AVERAGE
UNDER 38:	DON'T PLAY FOR MONEY



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Hot candidate for a Christmas punch bowl

Christmas has many meanings, all of them reasons for celebration. Here is a wonderfully festive drink for holiday parties

CHRISTMAS should imply the fairy tale, as it is known to the Belgian child who finds a toy in place of the oats he has set out for the reindeer of St. Nicholas.

Christmas should be a joy from a gift given, like the sheaf of grain that is tied to a Norwegian roof gable to feed the winter birds. As Sigrid Undset described it: "The loveliest sight in the world, the grain hanging down like a rain of gold, the fat, live, big, pink bullfinches circling—that was my Christmas present."

Christmas should be the memory of all the Christmases ever experienced; this to me is implicit in the Christmas tree itself, banked with presents that are so much more beautiful left unopened.

Most of all, Christmas should be centered on the crèche that children love. In Provence they make little statues of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker to surround the Holy Family.

For Christmas is both the Ghirlandajo painting of the Magi and the live procession of shepherds, each year, to Les Baux—the lamb offered, the Communion and the *Réveillon.*

It is also the festival of fires, the ancient ritual in celebration of the victory of light over darkness: a race memory half-sensed, of Bronze Age man's rejoicing over the passing of the shortest day in the year, and the yule log that would help rekindle the sun.

One can imagine that the primitive feast must have included some beverage that contributed to the rekindling of the vital fires in our forbears—perhaps in Nordic countries a brew concocted of mead and honey. For in later but still far-away historical epochs an endless procession of sack possets, grogs, caudles, neguses and nogs (to name a few of the hallowed drinks of old England, never mind other countries) warded off the foggy dew of north European Christmas.

Most of these potations are more rewarding to think about than to concoct today in an age of Scotch on the rocks, vodka, soda water and the counting of calories. Yet there are a number of "traditional" drinks associated with the season which do compete at Christmas holiday time with the standard offerings of the host on everyday occasions. To the familiar eggnog, hot mulled wine and rum toddy preparations, the venturesome host might well add for consideration the colorful creation filling the punch bowl on the opposite page.

This is a hot drink known as farmer's bishop, which combines apple cider with brandy, spices and baked oranges. It is a countryman's variation of the bishop punch of 18th century England, which had port wine as its base, and which was described by Jonathan Swift in his "Verses for Fruit-Women" when he wrote of oranges:

Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

(A somewhat more regal version of this punch, made with claret instead of port, was called a cardinal; a pope had as its base nothing less than champagne.)

Farmer's bishop has the merit of being dry-tasting, festive in appearance and highly spectacular in the making—since some of the ingredients must be set ablaze at an initial stage of its preparation. A potable which can add jollity to the company on that morning-around-the-tree, it is also a cordial restorer to serve at New Year's Day parties.

FARMER'S BISHOP

Serves 25. Use silver punch bowl or some flameproof substitute, not a glass bowl

Select 10 navel oranges that have handsome skins and stick them with 8 cloves each. Bake in a slow oven for one hour.

Place the baked oranges in a heated punch bowl; prick them well with a fork. Pour over them 2 quarts of heated apple brandy (ordinary American applejack or, if desired, French Calvados) and sprinkle with 4 tablespoons of sugar. Light the brandy; burn for a few seconds; then douse with a gallon of almost boiling cider. In a cupful of the mixture stir half a teaspoon each of ground cloves and nutmeg and 2 teaspoons cinnamon; then add this to the punch bowl.

For refills after the punch has cooled, reheat in a chafing dish or on the kitchen stove.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe



IN THE GRAND BALLROOM OF WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL, FELS NAPIER, BASEBALL'S DYNAMIC NEW COMMISSIONER, PRESENTS

COMMISSIONER FELS NAPIER'S

THE TWO FACES OF BASEBALL

The world of baseball presents one face to the public, hides another from the public view. The face the public sees (and loves) is the game itself, a game of balletlike precision and skill like no other in the world. But behind the scenes there is the hidden face of baseball. This is the business side of the game without which the spectacle could never take place, and here are the people who own and operate the 16 major league clubs and their affiliates, systems which gained empire status in the carefree days when baseball was just about the only mass summer entertainment Americans could turn to. Perhaps because of this, some of today's baseball administrators seem to regard themselves as divinely ordained custodians of an almost sacred institution. But this hidden face of baseball is troubled today as never before and the men behind the scenes are on a spot that grows hotter by the day. Things are tough now, and in the accompanying factual fantasy, Gerald Holland (who used to work in a behind-the-scenes baseball office himself) imagines what could happen if things get just a little bit tougher.



TO THE MUSIC OF THE LAWRENCE WELK ORCHESTRA HIS STARTLING NEW SCHEME FOR REVITALIZING THE NATIONAL GAME

Illustration by Joe Kaufman

PLAN TO SAVE BASEBALL

by GERALD HOLLAND

IT IS NOW POSSIBLE, finally, to reveal the inside story behind the short but sensational administration of Fels Napier as Commissioner of Baseball and at the same time piece together the startling details of the hitherto highly secret Napier Plan to Save Baseball. In this exclusive report, tbe veritable iron curtain of security tbat was rung down on *l'affaire* Napier will be penetrated. Despite the almost frantic efforts of certain major league club owners, managers and publicity directors to suppress all information on the subject, tbe truth will be told at last. It is felt here that the fans deserve nothing less than the full, shocking story of just how and why Fels Napier was sent streaking across tbe baseball skies like a meteor. But first, a word of reassurance to Napier's many friends and admirers tbrougbout the nation: Fels Napier is alive and well.

Yes, Napier has been found. The writer (where the author of this exclusive report must, perforce, enter the story, be will refer to himself as "the writer" in order to avoid unseemly use of the first person) has seen and talked at length with Napier and his charming and high-spirited wife. Their generous cooperation bas made it possible to get at the facts hitherto withheld from the fans. Tbis writer's exclusive interview with the Napiers will be reported in detail after a review of the events that led up to Napier's appointment as commissioner and his abrupt resignation and mysterious disappearance.

continued

The year 1958 (as everyone knows) was a troubled one for major league baseball. The talk of moving the Cleveland and Washington teams to other cities (coming, as it did, after the desertion of New York by Walter O'Malley's Dodgers and Horace Stoneham's Giants) made a bad impression. President Eisenhower himself joined the critics of Owner Calvin Griffith's plan to leave Washington by saying that he saw nothing wrong with baseball in our nation's capital that a few good ballplayers couldn't cure.

At the same time, congressional pressure on baseball increased. Congressman Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) continued to issue sharply critical views, and there was growing apprehension among baseball men that the game's privileged status was in peril. Some of these men said privately that is was not inconceivable that "crackpot legislators" might one day declare the game a monopoly and thus destroy baseball's *sine qua non*, the reserve clause.

FEARS mounted as a Senate committee entered the picture and began calling witnesses. Fortunately, however, baseball found an able spokesman in Charles D. (Casey) Stengel of the New York Yankees. Stengel parried the probing questions of the Senators in a masterful way, turning aside the most insistent demands for his views by recalling anecdotes out of his 48-year career in baseball. When he declared at one point that the Japanese were trying to play baseball with short fingers, the Senators were so taken aback by this seeming irrelevancy that they never really recovered. The inquiry was later recessed and the baseball magnates breathed easier.

But there were other irritating developments on the baseball scene, notably the publication in September of the celebrated Furlong Air Vent Papers. The Furlong Papers, as everyone knows, contained a detailed account of proceedings at the traditionally secret meetings of the major leagues as they were overheard by William Furlong of the Chicago *Daily News*, who was eavesdropping at an air vent in a room adjoining the meeting chamber. As is well known, the Furlong Papers shocked the major league club owners—not that they were of a sensational nature, but because they revealed that the discussions among baseball's best brains consisted largely of aimless chatter devoid of conclusion.

In October, baseball's luck seemed to have changed at last. There was one of the most thrilling World Series in the history of the game—again there was a brilliant performance (as field manager this time) by Charles D. (Casey) Stengel of the New York Yankees—and at the same time there was evidence of a strong hand at the top of baseball administration. Although sick in bed with a virus, Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick had watched the games over television. From this prone position, he now slapped fines 1) on the entire Milwaukee team for publicly discussing their plans for dividing their Series money and 2) on Ryne Duren, a New York pitcher, for making a gesture of disrespect toward an umpire. This combination of a great Series and forceful action by the commissioner was hailed by baseball men as evidence that the game was never in a better or a stronger position.

Then the roof fell in again. In November, members of a committee appointed by the mayor of New York called a press conference and denounced the National League, declaring that it had no intention of putting a team into New York ever. Then the committee members said they were going ahead with plans for a third major league, with or without the sanction of Organized Baseball. Baseball people and many oldtime sportswriters hooted at the idea of an outlaw league. In Cincinnati, National League President Warren Giles issued a statement that came to be known as the Giles Pooh-Pooh Doctrine. Giles said that he saw no need for the National League to expand now or in the future and "pooh-poohed" the third league as a wild and impractical dream.



BILL FURLONG revealed the vapid nature of the proceedings at owners' secret talks.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER criticized proposal that Washington club should move.

A few weeks later the major league meetings were held in Washington and more troubles presented themselves. The players demanded that the salary budget of each club represent at least 20% of a club's gross income. The proposition was unanimously howled down by the owners. Players of the International League, meanwhile, threatened to strike unless their pension demands were met.

At the same time, the owners were dismayed to hear William Harridge, 72, respected president of the American League, offer his resignation on the ground that a younger man might be better able to deal with the growing baseball crises. Joseph Cronin, general manager of the Boston Red Sox, was fingered as Harridge's successor, to be so designated officially after a decent interval had elapsed.

Two committees were named, one by each league, to study baseball's expansion in the future. On motion of Phil Wrigley of Chicago, who said the question was getting too big for committees, the National League agreed to engage a national research organization to study the subject.

But all these vexing problems were as nothing compared to the bomb-



CONGRESSMAN CELLER criticized national game for following a monopolistic trend

shell that burst on New Year's Day 1959. It was then that Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick called a press conference at the St. Andrews Golf Club in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. and read the following statement:

"What I am about to say is not the result of a sudden decision. It has nothing to do with any of the events of recent months. I have been thinking about this matter for some years. I have now come to the considered conclusion that I can no longer defer giving my whole attention to a project which has been occupying me at odd moments for a long time. This project is the writing of a book on the game of curling. As most of you gentlemen of press, radio and television know, I have been playing this grand old Scottish game here at the St. Andrews Club for many, many years. Baseball has always been my first love, true, but curling is a game to which I am also deeply devoted. In this book of mine, I think I may have something to say. Therefore, effective immediately, I am resigning as baseball commissioner to give all my time to the completion of my manuscript. Thank you, one and all.

"And now, fellows, I think there are some refreshments and light luncheon snacks waiting for us in the club bar."

The baseball world was shocked by Frick's resignation. A network television program of farewell was arranged and, as those who viewed it will recall, it was one of the most poignant ever telecast. Sportscaster Mel Allen read a poem entitled *A Game Guy's Prayer*. Sportscaster Red Barber explained the game of curling, pointing out that it was something like bowling on ice and "really rugged." Sportscaster Howard Cosell wished Frick well with his book on curling and added, "I will go out on a limb with the prediction that this book will make a truly great, a truly magnificent motion picture, one which will not offend any member of the family, young or old." The program closed with a quartet representing the Baseball Writers' Association of America singing *Fordy Boy*, a sentimental parody of *Danny Boy* written by Sportswriter Arthur Mann.

Meanwhile, an emergency meeting of club owners was called at once to select Frick's successor.

Quite naturally, Charles Segar, Frick's assistant, was a strong candidate. His supporters pointed out that with his white hair he was beginning to resemble Judge Landis. However, there was equally strong sentiment in favor of William O. DeWitt of St. Louis, administrator of the $500,000 fund set up by the majors to aid minor leagues. DeWitt, who began his career as a peanut salesman in the St. Louis ball park, had risen to be co-owner of the St. Louis Browns, then had served as assistant general manager of the New York Yankees. He was widely respected among club owners as an extremely close man with a buck.

BUT as vote after vote was taken, neither Segar nor DeWitt could muster a majority. A desperate attempt was made to agree on a compromise candidate. Bing Crosby, stockholder in the Pittsburgh Pirates, and Bob Hope, stockholder in the Cleveland Indians, were nominated, along with Harold Stassen, former special assistant to President Eisenhower. None could get enough support.

At last, near dawn, a middle western club owner asked for the floor. He told his weary colleagues that he had had a sudden inspiration and then proceeded to electrify them with a proposal that was destined to make baseball history. (The writer is reconstructing the following scene from information given him by an unimpeachable source, a waiter who was in the room at the time.)

continued

FORD FRICK, holder of the hallowed office of Commissioner of Baseball, made no secret of his personal predeliction for a totally different sport, old Scotland's curling.



"Gentlemen," said the middle western club owner, "I am comparatively new in baseball and I ask your indulgence if what I am about to say is out of order. I am going to speak frankly and I ask you to bear with me. Gentlemen, I don't have to remind you that we are on the spot here. Just look back over the last year. Attendance off, the press riding us hard everywhere, players demanding more money, Congress getting tougher and tougher, and I think you'll agree that although Casey Stengel did a great job for us before the Senate committee he has won us nothing more than a reprieve. The publication of the Furlong Air Vent Papers was damaging and this talk of an outlaw league is definitely capturing the public fancy in the face of the Warren Giles Pooh-Pooh Doctrine."

The middle western club owner (according to the writer's waiter informant) stopped and let that sink in. Then he went on:

"You and I know, gentlemen, that if enough money is put behind an outlaw league, they can take us to court and blow the reserve clause sky-high. Or maybe they won't even have to take us to court. Maybe the very creation of a third league will give those crackpot legislators in Washington all the ammunition they need to finish us off."

There was an ominous murmur growing in the room. The middle western club owner raised his voice as he continued:

"We're vulnerable, gentlemen, vulnerable as *hell!* Although I'm comparatively new in the game, I know something about its history. We, as baseball men, have a long record of fighting progress. There was a time when we refused to put numbers on the players' uniforms. There was a time when we refused to permit a hit or error sign on the scoreboard. We resisted modern plumbing fixtures and paper towels in the rest rooms. We resisted night baseball, we resisted radio, we resisted television—and then we did an about-face and overdid all three!"

The murmur had died away now. The owners sat in shocked silence. The speaker took a kindlier tone:

"What I am getting at, gentlemen, is the fact that, in my view, we must come up with a strong commissioner whose very appointment, whose very name will make it clear that we're forward-looking and progressive, that we mean business in dealing with the many problems confronting the national game, the grand old game of baseball!"

The speaker, a faint smile playing on his lips, looked at the owners, one after the other. Then raising both hands high above his head, he shouted:

"I nominate Fels Napier!"

The startling nomination had a delayed impact. At first the owners nodded agreeably as a sort of reflex action. Then, realizing the full import of what had just been said, owners jumped to their feet all over the room and veritable bedlam ensued. Owners and league executives alike shouted and, indeed, almost screamed. Nerves, taut after the tumultuous all-night session, suddenly snapped. In the back of the room two owners started to trade blows and could not be separated until Branch Rickey, 77-year-old elder statesman of baseball, attending in his capacity as chairman of the board of the Pittsburgh Pirates, thrust his walking stick between them and pried them apart.

Owner after owner shouted at the speaker, who folded his arms and waited for the furor to subside.

"Fels Napier is the boy wonder of the soap industry!" an owner shouted. "What does *he* know about baseball!"

Another owner cried:

"Fels Napier makes $300,000 a year! Even if the whole idea wasn't ridiculous, how are you going to get a man like that to accept the $75,000 we have budgeted for the commissioner?"

A red-faced National League executive ran up to the speaker, shook his fist and roared:

"I call this shameful! The idea of putting a soap peddler into the commissioner's chair is an abomination on the face of it! Sir, I charge you with attempting to make a travesty of the game!"

SLOWLY, the hysteria spent itself. The owners sank back in their chairs, exhausted. The speaker was about to proceed when Branch Rickey arose at the back of the room and raised his cane aloft for attention.

"May I have a word, young man?" he said.

"Certainly, Mr. Rickey," replied the speaker.

"Thank you," said Rickey. "First, let me commend you on presenting what is at least an idea to this deadlocked assembly. I believe it was Anatole France who said, 'Give me the errors of enthusiasm rather than the indifference of wisdom.' However, I must confess, young man, I do not see how baseball can possibly turn to the soap industry for a man capable of discharging the manifold and complex duties of the commissioner. I put that in the form of a question to you, sir!"

He thrust an unlighted cigar back into his mouth and sat down.

"Gentlemen," said the speaker, "I am grateful to Mr. Rickey for putting the question so well. 'How,' he asks, 'can baseball turn to the soap industry for a commissioner?' "



JUDGE LANDIS set up game's stern code of justice and its antitravesty tradition.



WILLIAM DEWITT acquired the reputation of being a close man with 500,000 bucks.

There were mutters of "hear, hear" around the room.

The speaker raised his voice a little. "I will answer that question by asking another."

He paused to heighten the dramatic effect. Then he raised his arms above his head again and cried out:

"Where did the Government of these United States turn when it was in dire need of a Secretary of Defense!"

Again, there was the delayed reaction. Then, in rapid succession, came such excited responses as: "To the soap industry!" "To Neil McElroy!"



WILLIAM HARRIDGE compounded miseries by resigning as American League prexy.



WARREN GILES propounded Pooh-Pooh Doctrine ridiculing a third-league plan.

"Of course, of course, what a fool I've been!" "What an utter ass I am!" And so on.

"Yes, my friends," the speaker went on, "our Government turned to the soap industry and there it found in the chair of the president of Procter & Gamble our able, our brilliant Secretary of Defense, Neil Hosler McElroy! I ask you, if Mr. McElroy has been able to switch from soap to missiles, is it too much to expect that the equally brilliant Fels Napier can switch from soap to baseball?"

The speaker took a deep breath, but before he could go on, a voice rang out:

"I ask you this, sir! Exactly how do you propose to get Fels Napier?"

The speaker shouted back: "By appealing to his love of the game and his well-known zeal for public service! I happen to know he played ball in college and is a rabid fan! Furthermore, I propose that we offer him unlimited authority—in other words, a blank check to deal with our problems in any way he sees fit!"

There was an immediate chorus of protest and the questioner in the back of the room shouted: "What if he goes too far! What if he tampers with our hallowed traditions? Isn't there a danger that a man like Napier might make a travesty of the game?"

The speaker threw back his head and laughed. Shaking his head, he asked, "Gentlemen, gentlemen—beyond a few harmless innovations, what could he do? What could Commissioner Happy Chandler do, what could Commissioner Frick do? Now, gentlemen, be realistic! I give you not a radical, but incomparable window dressing!"

A great hush fell over the assembly. Then, slowly digesting the idea, owners and league executives began to chuckle, then to laugh and slap each other on the back. Two men rushed forward and lifted the speaker to their shoulders and carried him around the room as the others fell into a line that quickly turned into a snake dance. The red-faced National League official who had accused the speaker of making a travesty of the game danced along, trying to reach the speaker's hand as he cried, "I've been an idiot, a blind fool, an insufferable mucker!"

The speaker nodded and asked to be set down, proposing over the bedlam that another secret vote be taken immediately. None was necessary. On a motion by Branch Rickey, seconded by Gussie Busch of the St. Louis Cardinals, Fels Napier was elected baseball commissioner by acclamation. The middle western club owner who had presented Napier's name was appointed chairman of a committee of three to go to Cincinnati and persuade the 38-year-old, $300,000-a-year Boy Wonder of Big Soap to take the job.

As NO ONE needs be reminded, the announcement that Fels Napier had accepted the office of baseball commissioner was an even bigger bombshell than the resignation of Ford Frick. There was (as will be recalled) some bitter press reaction in the beginning. In *The Sporting News*, the national baseball weekly, Editor J. G. Taylor Spink wrote a signed editorial under the headline, "Travesty of the Game?" But all criticism was quickly silenced when attention was drawn to the fact that Organized Baseball had turned to Big Soap for a commissioner just as the Eisenhower Administration had looked to it for a Secretary of Defense. In the next issue of *The Sporting News* an unsigned editorial asked the question, "Greatest Commissioner Since Landis?"

The country at large got its first glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Fels Napier on the Edward R. Murrow *Person to Person* television program, which originated from the huge, rambling Napier home of brick and clapboard in a fashionable Cincinnati suburb. As will be remembered, the handsome couple completely captivated the audience and television critics as well. Napier was revealed by the cameras to be a tall, handsome man with a trim athletic figure, brown wavy hair (with just a touch of gray at the temples) and a certain boyish (and yet somehow mature) manner that made him an instant idol of the women fans from coast to coast. Mrs. Napier (the former June Sud of Cincinnati) turned out to be a stunning blonde, combining what one television critic described as the best features of Ingrid Bergman, Brigitte Bardot and Marlene Dietrich.

In conducting Murrow and his cameras through their home, the Napiers kept up a flow of refined small talk. Mrs. Napier disclosed that she loved to sew, golf, ski and, above all, go to baseball games when her husband could snatch an afternoon from his busy schedule. Fels Napier himself (who would impulsively kiss his lovely wife from time to time during the program) told of some of his own

continued

interests, which included studying American history, government, economics, nuclear physics and Russian and collecting Lawrence Welk records. In the game room Napier picked up an old baseball glove, which he said, boyishly, was a trophy from his pitching days at Cornell. Asked by Murrow if her husband had any special tastes in food, June Napier said he was easy to please, but always ate the same breakfast, consisting of one poached egg and a chocolate nut sundae. After choking on his cigaret, Murrow recovered his poise and reminded his viewers that Secretary of Defense McElroy invariably had a piece of chocolate cake with *his* breakfast.

There was grave apprehension among baseball men when, against the advice of a committee of major league publicity directors, Napier agreed to appear on the *Meet the Press* television program two nights later. One publicity director warned, "Those fellows can cut you to ribbons." Napier smiled and replied, "We'll see."

After the first five minutes of the program, all baseball men relaxed. Napier, it was clear, was more than a match for his interrogators. Then, with only a few minutes remaining, a short man at the end of the press table took over the questioning. "Mr. Napier," he said, referring to a paper, "appearing on another network two nights ago, you mentioned you were interested in the study of government, economics, nuclear physics and the Russian language."

"That is correct," said Napier, smiling.

"Aren't these rather unusual interests for an executive of Big Soap?"

"No," said Napier coolly, "I don't think so."

(This reply was scored as a distinct triumph for Napier because it tied in perfectly with the then current Viceroy cigaret commercial featuring business and professional men with odd avocations to prove that Viceroys had "a thinking man's filter, a smoking man's taste.")

"Mr. Napier, there have been rumors going around Washington that you have political ambitions and have taken the baseball commissionership to make yourself better known to the country at large."

Napier raised his eyes to heaven and shook his head.

"If a deadlock should develop in either of the national conventions, with other bright young men like Kennedy, Rockefeller and Nixon unable to get a majority, would you be available for a draft?"

Napier's face grew stern. "Sir," he said, "I have just taken over as baseball commissioner. My only concern at this time is to do the best possible job for our national game. I'd like to make that as strong as possible and I would thank you, sir, to confine your questions to baseball."

The interrogator peered over his glasses and smirked.

"Very well," he said, "what is your position on the Warren Giles Pooh-Pooh Doctrine concerning a possible third major league?"

Napier replied: "I have no position on the Pooh-Pooh Doctrine. I am not looking at the past, sir, I am looking toward the future."

"What precisely do you intend to do in the future, Mr. Napier?"

Napier smiled again: "At this moment, sir, I don't know."

"You haven't done *anything* so far about the problems facing the major leagues?"

Napier cleared his throat and leaned forward.

"I didn't say that, sir," he said. "I wouldn't be a very good commissioner if I were able to come before you after only a few days in office and tell you I had a cure-all in my pocket. But I assure you I have done a great deal. I have assigned a staff of experts from the soap industry to a crash program of marketing research. Within a week or so, I will know every last detail about the quality of the baseball product and its marketing possibilities."

THE INTERROGATOR looked at his colleagues down the table and turned back to Napier with a leer.

"That," he said, "sounds like you were selling soap."

"So?" Napier asked mildly.

The interrogator leaned forward with a glint of triumph in his eyes.

"Are you saying, Mr. Napier," he asked archly, "that what is good for Big Soap is good for baseball?"

Napier threw back his head and laughed so winningly that the entire press table joined in just as Moderator Ned Brooks broke in with, "I'm sorry, Commissioner, that's all the time we have. Thank you for joining us this evening and now a message."

The effect on the nation of this television appearance was sensational. Napier was hailed as the most appealing character to appear on the national scene since Nelson Rockefeller. As one political columnist wrote, "Like it or not, Fels Napier has joined the ranks of 1960 presidential possibilities, along with his former colleague in Big Soap, Secretary of Defense McElroy."

There was less certainty about Napier's public statements among certain major league club owners and, as an emergency measure, telephonic conference circuits were ordered set up by the league presidents. As the writer later learned from a long-distance telephone operator of his acquaintance, the conference was heated and National League President Giles read from the major league rulebook about activities tending to make a travesty of the game. However, the final decision was to send a committee of five to brief Napier on



BRANCH RICKEY, an island of wisdom amidst bedlam, raised voice for reason.



NEIL McELROY, Big Soap's gift to government, was used as persuasive symbol.

the limits of his job as commissioner. Included on the committee was the middle western owner who had nominated Napier and was stoutly defending him as "the best public-relations man baseball ever had." This owner continued to remind his colleagues that Napier could not possibly do anything that would seriously alter the baseball structure.

The committee asked for an appointment with the new commissioner, and was promptly invited for breakfast at the Napier home on February 15, two days hence. At breakfast the charm of the Napiers again worked its spell, and the committee members found a feeling of euphoria stealing over them as Mrs. Napier, wearing a low-cut breakfast gown of basic black that set off her golden blonde hair, told delightful little anecdotes about the Napier children, Fels, 8, Kaylo, 6, and Pearl, 3, all of whom were away at boarding school. Over coffee (all the committee members except Branch Rickey declined chocolate nut sundaes), the committee suggested that Napier proceed slowly from now on and urged that he and Mrs. Napier make a leisurely tour of the training camps in order to "soak up atmosphere and get the feel of the game." One committee member pointed out that the tour could begin at once since Casey Stengel's rookie camp bad already opened at St. Petersburg, Fla.

At this juncture, the writer desires to mention that he himself visited the Napier home later that same day for the purpose of interviewing Mrs. Napier (the writer's source for the account of the breakfast just described). She was very, very pleased with the article and wrote a note of thanks to the writer. This incident is mentioned only because it has a bearing on later developments.

Napier thanked the committee for its suggestions and said tbey would be given some thought. But next day he and his wife flew to New York, and after paying a visit to the old offices of Commissioner Frick in Rockefeller Center he called a press conference in his suite at tbe Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. He announced 1) that he was bringing in an entire staff of soap-industry personnel from Cincinnati; 2) he was taking over an entire floor of the Waldorf-Astoria as his temporary headquarters, having found Frick's old offices entirely inadequate; and 3) he was calling a convention of all club owners, general managers, field managers, publicity directors and other officials of the major and principal minor leagues. The convention would meet, he said, in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf one week hence to witness a presentation of what be now officially labeled "The Napier Plan to Save Baseball."

WHEN the Napier announcement appeared in the afternoon papers, the impact on major league club owners was devastating. A committee of six was quickly appointed and flew to New York that evening. When the committee demanded that Nspier call off the convention, he merely smiled and reminded them that they had given him a "blank check of authority" to do anything he deemed to be in the interest of baseball. The committee then demanded to know how he proposed to pay for the costs of the convention, rental of the Grand Ballroom, etc. Napier replied that he was having all bills directed to William O. DeWitt, administrator of the $500,000 fund to aid minor leagues. "The convention will aid all baseball," said Napier, "and thus, in my view, qualifies for financing by the DeWitt fund."

The committee then pleaded with Napier that he grant tbem one concession and bar the press from the presentation. Napier demurred, but finally agreed on condition that a repeat performance be put on for the press next day. The committee said that point would be debated in executive session. Meanwhile, a subcommittee of three was named to inspect all air vents in the Grand Ballroom against a repetition of the Furlong Papers incident of last September.

That night a committee of eight club owners and tbe two league presidents met secretly in the Concourse Plaza Hotel near Yankee Stadium. At this stormy session (according to a hotel chambermaid whose identity the writer cannot reveal) there was an out-and-out demand that Fels Napier be impeached and that his convention be called off forthwith. Only an impassioned appeal by the middle western owner who had nominated Napier originally persuaded the owners to hold off action. They were unable to resist the eloquent arguments of the middle western owner, who is reported to have said, "You fellows have short memories; you have forgotten the lousy press, the congressional heat, all the other jams we were in before Napier took over. We were hated, and I tell you this boy is making us loved, yes loved! Give him his head, let him put on his show! I tell you, it's all harmless stuff, it will all blow over before opening day!"

When the baseball men arrived in town (Casey Stengel at first refused to leave his rookie camp but yielded to pressure from the Yankee owners, Del Webb and Dan Topping, and flew to New York), their mood was peevish. But after some time at the great bar Napier had set up they relaxed and—old friends meeting for the first time in a year or more—became better humored. When they sat down to a lunch (the menu was planned by Mrs. Napier) consisting of sea-food cocktail, filet mignon, potatoes à la Ivory, fresh asparagus and ice cream molded in the shape of a baseball, they became almost jovial. Casey Stengel regaled his table with stories of his career. Only William O. DeWitt, administrator of the $500,000 fund to aid minor leagues, cast the merest pall on the assembly by refusing to touch a bit of the food on his plate while he worked frantically on a bookkeeper's ledger he had brought to the table.

When coffee had been served, the delegates swung their chairs around to face the stage. Suddenly a voice shouted over the public-address speakers, "One and a two and a . . ." and then came a spirited arrangement of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. The curtains parted to reveal a huge orchestra, and the convention delegates (in spite of themselves) broke into spontaneous applause as they saw that the dancing bandleader was Lawrence Welk. Then a spotlight beamed on a corner of the stage to reveal the McGuire sisters, who sang the following lyrics to the traditional baseball theme:

Let's drive out to the ball game,
There's plenty of room to park!
We'll dine on the terrace over
third base,
And chill with the thrills of a
great pennant race!
As we root, root, root for the
home team,
We'll say, "Waiter, bring more
of the same!"
For the food's great and the
drinks are tops
At the new—we said new—at the
new and improved ball game!

continued

Before the delegates had time to react to this tampering with an almost sacred baseball song, Welk's orchestra had *segued* to *America the Beautiful*, and the spotlight swung to the center of the stage, where Fels Napier stood with his wife, becomingly attired in a low-cut cocktail dress of fire-engine red. Welk faded his music down to a soft background and Fels Napier took Mrs. Napier's hand and, leaning forward toward the microphone, said simply, "Gentlemen, good friends of baseball—my wife!"

Welk's music came up and *segued* into *I Love You Truly* and the effect (thanks to the astonishing good looks of the couple) was so striking that the entire assembly arose in a standing ovation. Mrs. Napier waved prettily, kissed her husband lightly on the cheek and then walked across the stage with feline grace. The spotlight followed her into the wings and the music was cut off abruptly. The spotlight was swung back to Napier, who stood with his hand held at his forehead in a smart military salute as the band struck up the national anthem. The delegates arose and all saluted with the exception of William O. DeWitt, administrator of the $500,000 fund to aid minor leagues, who stood holding his bookkeeper's ledger over his heart in lieu of a hat.

At the conclusion of the national anthem the delegates sat down heavily in their chairs and the curtain fell on the Lawrence Welk orchestra. There was dead silence as Fels Napier stood at his microphone, the smile gone from his face which slowly hardened until the boyish look was gone entirely. His chin jutted out and his fists clenched and his eyes flashed and when he began to speak his voice crackled like a bullwbip. (The writer later learned this was the Napier technique of "hard sell" which had sent him to the top of Big Soap upon the departure of Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy.)

"Men," rasped Napier, "a staff of experts on loan from Big Soap has just completed a crash survey of your marketing methods."

The curtains parted to reveal a map of the U.S. with major and minor league cities designated by varicolored lights.

"We find your methods atrociously bad!" roared Napier. "Incredibly inept! You have turned your back on the greatest natural market for your National League product—New York—and you have talked seriously of abandoning prime markets in Washington and Cleveland. I will not go into the appalling psychological implications of taking our National Game out of our National Capital. For the present, I will confine myself to a discussion of your business methods."

A red-faced National League official, seated near Branch Rickey, jumped to his feet and started to protest, but Rickey reached out with



BILL VEECK sought to save baseball with circus stunts, was pressured out of game.

the crook of his cane and pulled him back into his seat.

Napier apparently did not notice the incident. He continued:

"Can you imagine, gentlemen, Big Soap, Big Steel or Big Motors refusing to make their products available in the markets I have mentioned? What would you say if suddenly Oxydol or Lux Flakes or Rinso were removed from the shelves of supermarkets in New York, Washington and Cleveland? Would you not be justified in concluding that the men of Big Soap had suddenly taken leave of their senses?"

Napier let it sink in. There was silence for perhaps half a minute. Then the voice of Branch Rickey rang out. "Bravo, Fels Napier," he cried, brandishing his walking stick, "carry on!"

Napier ignored Rickey and went on:

"Not only do you abandon markets, gentlemen, but you refuse to make your product available in new markets, new great population areas that are actually pleading for your major league product!" He waved at the map again and lights flashed. "There they are, gentlemen, your unexploited markets—from Seattle in the West to Houston in the South, to New York in the East and Toronto in the North."

The backdrop was raised to reveal still another one. This carried in great block letters set off in quotes, "We don't need the newspapers, the newspapers need us!"

"Observe, gentlemen," cried Napier, "your rallying cry, your sales slogan, your bedrock sales philosophy! 'We don't need the newspapers, the newspapers need us!' A quotation, gentlemen, representing the most obtuse, the most antiquated, the most puerile sales and public-relations policy ever pursued by an industry made up of 16 multimillion-dollar corporations!"

[The quotation was run down by the writer. It appeared in the newspaper trade paper, *Editor and Publisher*, Oct. 11, 1958 and was, in fact, a quotation from a statement by Publicity Director Arthur (Red) Patterson of the Los Angeles Dodgers.]

"Publicity, gentlemen," Napier shouted, "does not necessarily sell. The fact that your product is mentioned at great length in the daily newspapers and over television and radio does not automatically create a demand, a desire for it. On the contrary, in many cases, your publicity may actually discourage sales. Automobiles are in the news every day, but are the automobile makers content with that? Soap is in the news frequently, soap is in the hands of 96.2% of the American people every day! But do we rely on familiarity with the product to sell soap?"

Napier crouched like an oldtime evangelist and thrust out an accusing arm:

"Gentlemen, you've got to *sell* your product! This isn't 1903 when people had nowhere to go but the ball park on a summer's afternoon! You've got competition in this modern day when a man can fly to London in the time it takes to play a double-header! Gentlemen! In New York alone last year, there were nearly 2 million fewer paid baseball admissions! This is the handwriting on the wall, men. You can't sit back and wait for some miraculous turning back of the clock, you've got to get out and sell, sell, *sell!*"

(The writer was unable to obtain

any truly coherent account of what followed. His informant, a television actress who was present, tried to take shorthand notes, but she is only a student of this art and her notes were incomplete. However, it appeared that there was a veritable razzle-dazzle of effects: blowups of newspaper and magazine ads flashed on the screen; live excerpts from projected television serial dramas, *I Married a Shortstop*, scheduled for NBC, and *Bullpen Wife*, scheduled for CBS. With the Lawrence Welk



RED PATTERSON formulated a startling sales philosophy toward sporting press.

orchestra supplying alternately rousing and tender musical backgrounds, the presentation whipped up a fever of excitement. There were singing commercials which seemed to consist mostly of "Ooowah, ooowah, baseball, baseball," repeated over and over again. All of the elements of the show built up to a terrific climax that was cut off as abruptly as the opening had burst on the delegates.)

After the curtain had fallen, the great ballroom was in complete darkness for perhaps five seconds. Then a single spotlight picked up Fels Napier at his center stage microphone. Again, amazingly, he was the boyish, lovable character. For the balance of his speech, he was smiling and soft-spoken. (The writer later learned that this was the "soft sell" technique he used for dramatic effect.)

"Gentlemen," he said, "just a word about that last singing commercial, that 'ooowah, ooowah,' thing. Well, to those of you unschooled in advertising and exploitation, it may have sounded like meaningless gibberish. But actually it is a first-rate, thoroughly tested example of the irritant commercial which, repeated often enough, plants itself in the subconscious and has some of the compulsive effects of the subliminal message. This is the kind of thing that sells soap and, I guarantee you, it will sell baseball."

He gazed off into space and swallowed, blinking his eyes as if searching for his next topic.

"Oh, yes," he said, "a word about our new T.O.—our table of organization. I am abolishing the position of league president and creating the new position of managing director to replace it. I will select managing directors from my staff a little later. Messrs. Cronin [Cronin was named to the Harridge post in January 1959] and Giles will now become chairman of the board in their leagues. Congratulations, gentlemen."

The audience sat transfixed as if they were viewing a horror movie.

"I am also appointing," Napier went on, "an assistant to the commissioner in charge of publicity, promotion, exploitation and entertainment. All club publicity men will report directly to this assistant and carry out his instructions for pregame entertainment and so on. We intend to give the fans a real afternoon or evening's show in addition to the usual ball game. I think you will be happy to learn that I have selected as my assistant in this department a great guy, a real baseball man, a former club owner, a fellow who speaks your language, Mr. William Louis Veeck of Cleveland."

Napier paused, apparently expecting applause, but there was not a sound. (Veeck, notorious for his "circus" methods of baseball promotion, is anathema to most club owners.)

"Bill Veeck," said Napier, "has gone into action already and booked such stars as Red Skelton, Milton Berle, Martha Raye as well as some top animal acts for our pregame shows. This kind of thing will be of great help to the second-division club. Now . . ."

Again Fels Napier stopped, seemingly puzzled by the total lack of audience reaction.

"Now," he continued, "as for a third major league. Our research convinces us that there is no reason why it cannot be started immediately along the lines suggested by the mayor's committee in New York. My staff is working with IBM on a player draft that will take sufficient players to man the new league from the rosters of the 16 major league teams and the top minor league organizations. We are at work on some equitable form of player pensions and have six insurance companies cooperating in a crash program there. In the further interest of player morale, I am ordering a blanket 10% raise in salary throughout the three major leagues. Naturally, there will be a bonus plan to reward superior performances by any player."

THERE was a loud crash at the rear of the ballroom. The waiters quickly carried out a limp body. The man, the treasurer of one of the eastern clubs, later recovered and the writer has promised not to reveal his identity.

Napier went on talking, almost carelessly:

"As for ball parks in the third major league, we will use existing facilities, like Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, pending construction of new plants along the lines of the trotting tracks, with adequate parking facilities, escalators, terrace dining rooms, so on and so forth."

A pin would have sounded like a thunderbolt.

"Oh, yes," said Napier, "one final point about the third major league. Many of you gentlemen may be asking yourselves, 'But can the uniforms be ready by opening day?' Well, gentlemen, I am very happy to tell you that Rawlings, Wilson and Hart Schaffner and Marx have agreed to cooperate in a crash program. Yes, gentlemen, the uniforms will be ready in ample time!"

He looked all around, from left to right, blinking his eyes, straining to hear a reaction that never came. Then he made a gesture toward the wings and the lights went up all over the ballroom.

"Well, that's it, fellows!" cried Napier. "And now, before I throw this meeting open to questions from the floor, what say we all take a powder-room break?"

The assembled baseball men sat as if they were literally paralyzed—with two exceptions. Branch Rickey, eyes darting back and forth, was thumping the floor nervously with his cane and Casey Stengel was busy eating off the untouched plate of William O. DeWitt, administrator of the

continued

$500,000 fund to aid minor leagues. In a moment, Rickey jumped to his feet and raised his cane aloft, shouting to Napier, who was walking off stage.

Napier turned and said, "Yes, Mr. Rickey?"

"Young man," growled Rickey, "allow me to congratulate you on behalf of my colleagues here on a most —uh—a most formidable presentation of your ideas."

"Thank you, sir."

"I propose to you, good sir," said Rickey, "that instead of conducting an open question-and-answer session at the conclusion of the powder-room break, you consent to sit down with a single representative of ours to answer whatever small questions we may have in mind."

Napier shrugged his shoulders. "Quite agreeable to me, Mr. Rickey. Perhaps you yourself would consent to represent your colleagues?"

Rickey shook his head vigorously. "I would not presume to do so, sir," he said, "without consulting my associates. Shall we say that we will designate our spokesman in a 15-minute executive session and send the man of our choice here to meet with you and you alone?"

Napier looked puzzled, then nodded. "Quite agreeable, Mr. Rickey." He bowed and smiled and walked off stage. Immediately Rickey began rousing his stupefied colleagues, laying about him with his walking stick, prodding one after the other and herding them into an adjoining smaller banquet room. Casey Stengel, mopping up the last of the gravy on William O. DeWitt's plate, arose and followed them.

Rickey's speech to the executive session has never been even partially revealed until now. The following excerpt from it was obtained by the writer from the most authoritative source available, a steam fitter who happened to be repairing a broken radiator in the room at the time.

"Gentlemen," roared Rickey when his glassy-eyed associates had taken their seats in the smaller room, "I believe it was Benjamin Franklin who said, 'Give me the errors of enthusiasm rather than the indifference of wisdom.' Gentlemen, in my considered view, Franklin was wrong. I yield to no man in my admiration for the young and forward-looking. I salute our commissioner, Fels Napier, for his brilliant career in soap. But, gentlemen, baseballwise, the man is a raving lunatic. He must be got rid of —now—at once!"

A red-faced National League official jumped to his feet and fairly screamed: "The idea of *paying* for space in newspapers and magazines and for time on television could only come from a warped mind! Give sportswriters presents at Christmastime, yes! Go as high as $50 gift certificates, like the Yankees do—but anything more than that is criminal and suicidal! I say pooh! Pooh, pooh, pooh!"

Rickey lashed out with his cane and the man fell back in his chair.

A voice groaned, "How, Branch! In the name of heaven, how do we get rid of Fels Napier?"

"We have one chance," growled Rickey, "and one man capable of saving us from the machinations of this madman. He is the man who saved us from the sinister probings of a committee of the United States Senate. He is our only hope—and *there* he sits!"

Rickey thrust out his cane and indicated Casey Stengel, who sat picking his teeth.

The baseball men jumped to their feet, eyes bright, clenched fists raised, waiting breathlessly.

Rickey held his cane high like a charging Cossack. "Will you do it, Charles Stengel! Will you speak for us! Will you save baseball from the direst threat the game we love has ever faced! What say you, Charles Stengel?"

Stengel tossed away his toothpick, hitched up his trousers and walked to the door. With his hand on the knob he turned and winked broadly.

A mighty cheer went up from the delegates to the Napier convention as Old Casey Stengel opened the door and walked into the Grand Ballroom, where Commissioner Fels Napier waited to meet with Organized Baseball's official spokesman—alone.

WHEN THE WORD spread to the Men's Bar of the Waldorf that Casey Stengel and Fels Napier were meeting behind closed doors, there was a rush of newspaper, magazine, radio and television people to the corridors outside the Grand Ballroom. They were in for a long wait. It was almost two hours later when the doors of the Grand Ballroom swung open and Casey Stengel strolled out alone.

There was an outburst of shouted questions. Photographers fought for position and television cameras rolled into place. Newspapermen, hands cupped to their ears, straining to hear, struggled for position. Stengel, blinking in the glare of the television lights, raised a hand, signaling for silence. Belatedly, the club owners and other baseball officials who had been napping in an adjoining banquet room rushed out and joined in the melee. It was not until Branch Rickey shouldered his way through the crowd, cracking heads with his cane as he came, that some semblance of order was achieved.

"What say you, Charles Stengel?" cried Rickey.

For reply, Stengel reached into his pocket and drew out a scrap of paper which looked like it might have been torn from one of the souvenir menus.

"I got a statement here to read," said Stengel. "It says, 'To Whosoever This May Concern. I hereby quit my job as baseball commissioner. Signed, Fels J. Naptha.' "

"Napier, man, Napier!" roared Rickey.

Stengel peered at his scrap of paper again. "Oh, yes," he said, "Napier is the name."

As newspaper men raced for the telephones and television cameras trained on Stengel, a voice sang out:

"Where is he, where did the guy go, Case!"

Stengel lifted up his chin and called back, "Mr. Naptha said he was leaving through the kitchen entrance."

"Why did he quit, Casey!" a reporter cried.

"He didn't say," Casey called back.

The baseball men finally remembered to cheer and then to dance and cry in one great release of pent-up emotions.

A cub reporter from one of the tabloid papers called out:

"Who'll be commissioner now, Mr. Stengel?"

Stengel looked at the boy and said, "Son, speaking as one who begun his career in Kankakee, Ill. 48 years ago, taking my uniform with me when I left without being paid the salary coming to me, I suggest they go and ask the other fella to come back on the job."

He waved off all further questions, explaining he was flying back to his rookie camp in St. Petersburg immediately.

Stengel's suggestion was not lost on the assembled baseball men. They rushed to their rented Cadillacs wait-



CASEY STENGEL saved the day with compelling monologue on such subjects as short-fingered Japanese and the advisability of studying dentistry in Kansas City.

ing on Park Avenue and roared off to the St. Andrews Club in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. There they found Ford Frick wielding a broom in a hard-fought curling game. When the game was over (Frick's rink won), a committee of eight (designated on the ride up to Yonkers) humbly explained their predicament and asked Frick to resume his office as commissioner as a patriotic duty to the nation and to Organized Baseball. Appealed to in that way, Frick said he could not do anything but agree.

THE RETURN to office of Commissioner Ford Frick and the disappearance of Fels Napier, naturally, was a sensation that burst out of the sports sections and onto the front pages. The press could find no trace of Napier. His administrative assistant, Rensselaer O'Brien—who had been slated to take over the Warren Giles post with the new title of managing director of the National League—protested he did not know what had happened to his former superior. In Cincinnati, executives of Big Soap said they were as mystified as everyone else. At the boarding school attended by the Napier children it was finally admitted that Napier had sent a large check and said in a brief note that the children would be contacted later. At last, as new crises took over the front pages and news from the spring-training camps filled the sports pages, the sensation gradually died away. This writer obtained an interview with Casey Stengel late in March, but he said that all he knew was that Napier had left the Waldorf-Astoria by the kitchen entrance.

Finally, on April 10, 1959, the break came that made possible this exclusive report on the Napier case. The writer received the following telegram:

REMEMBERING FINE PERSONALITY FEATURE YOU WROTE ABOUT ME DESIRE TO GIVE YOU EXCLUSIVE STORY. IF INTERESTED PLEASE CONTACT ME IMMEDIATELY AT HOTEL MUEHLEBACH KANSAS CITY MO.

The message was signed June Sud Napier.

Needless to say, the writer took the next plane leaving for Kansas City. Early that same evening he knocked on the door of Room 1376. It was opened by Mrs. Fels Napier, wearing a low-cut evening dress of pistachio green. She greeted the writer warmly and invited him to come in. Upon entering, the writer observed that there was a small sitting room, with a bedroom beyond.

Mrs. Napier asked the writer to be seated just as Fels Napier himself came out of the bedroom. He had changed tremendously. He was now wearing his hair in a crew cut and had on a pullover sweater and gray flannel slacks. He was smoking a pipe and carried a thick volume under his arm. He started to say something to his wife, then saw the writer. A look of pain came over his face.

"June!" he said, "you shouldn't have done this!"

"Fels, darling," she exclaimed, running up to him and putting an arm around his shoulder, "I had to do something. We can't go on like this. I thought if you could talk to somebody who knows baseball, it might help you—if you would just tell somebody what really happened at the Waldorf-Astoria that evening!"

Napier put the book on a table and took his wife in his arms. "All right, dear," he said, "I know you have my interest at heart." He turned to the writer. "Maybe," he said, "it would do me good to sort of purge myself of this thing."

"Maybe it would, Commissioner," the writer said.

Napier's hands flew to his ears. He shook his head. "No, no," he cried almost piteously, "I don't want to hear that word ever again."

"Sorry, sir," said the writer.

THE Napiers sat down on the sofa. The writer waited for him to get hold of himself. Then the writer said, "I know everything up to the time Casey Stengel went into the ballroom to talk to you alone, sir."

Napier took a deep breath, and after a moment he began to talk in a very low voice:

"I've only just begun to realize what happened to me that night. I suppose that's why June thought it was time to get in touch with someone like you. I was sitting there in the ballroom at one of the tables when the door opened and I saw this bowlegged little man come in. Of course, I recognized him right away. I jumped up and put out my hand and said, 'Well, so you're the spokesman for the baseball crowd, Mr. Casey Stengel!'"

Napier shuddered and his wife took

continued

one of his hands in hers. He looked at her gratefully and went on.

"Stengel didn't say anything right away. He sat down and started buttering some rolls that had been left over at that table. I said, 'Do you have any questions about the Napier Plan to Save Baseball, Mr. Stengel?'"

Napier closed his eyes. His wife patted his hand. In a moment he was able to go on:

"I never got in another word. Stengel begao to talk. I thought I was following him pretty well at first. He began by telling me how he studied dentistry here in Kansas City, then quit school to play baseball at Kankakee, *Ill.* There was something about salary due him and how he took his uniform with him when the team couldn't meet the payroll. Then I sort of lost track and yet I found myself fascinated or hypnotized, I don't know which. I remember something about Stengel managing Brooklyn and the Boston Braves and how he had to sell a ballplayer for $10,000 one time in order to pay the railroad to take the team north from training camp."

He faltered again and Mrs. Napier said, "Take your time. Get a grip on yourself, dear. This will do you worlds of good. Just be calm."

Napier shook his head like a groggy prizefighter, but then he relaxed and went on:

"Then—and I remember this quite clearly—he said something about the Japanese trying to play baseball with short fingers. Then there was quite a lot about fingers. Stengel said there were two kinds of people in the world, people with short fingers and people with long fingers. The short-fingered people are not able to do much with their hands, he said, and so they have to depend more on brain power. But the long-fingered people, he said, could do all kinds of things, play baseball, tend bar, hang wallpaper or become dentists. He said a long-fingered man was foolish trying to do things that required brain power when the short-fingered people could beat him every time."

Napier was getting stronger now. He sat up straight.

"This went on and on. Stengel talked of this fella and that fella. He said that if he brought the fella from the outfield in to catch he would perhaps put the other fella on first base. I gathered he was talking about Elston Howard and Yogi Berra, but I couldn't be sure. But he always came back to the short fingers and the long fingers. Soon I was completely helpless. I couldn't summon the strength of will to interrupt him. Finally he asked me to hold out my hands. I did and he said I had fine fingers and could have been a big league ballplayer. But, he said, since I was too old for that he would recommend that I become a dentist. I found myself nodding my head. He said I should go to Kansas City and he would send me some books to study while he was making arrangements to get me into the school he attended. He told me to get my hair cut short. He said long hair drained off brain power. He said I should get started right away and suggested that I leave by the kitchen entrance to avoid the crowd outside. I found myself doing exactly what he said. After I had signed a little piece of paper for him, I left, picked up June and we took the first plane to Kansas City. We checked in here at the Muehlebach, the hotel Stengel suggested. In a few days the books on the table there arrived. I've been studying them and waiting to hear more from Stengel. But I haven't heard a word."

He stopped, exhausted again. "You never will, dear," whispered Mrs. Napier, "you never will. Now tell the writer what you have just begun to realize."

Napier jumped to his feet. He turned to his wife. "By golly, sweetheart, I *do* feel better. It *has* been good for me to get this off my chest." He turned back to the writer.

"Look here," said Napier, "I see what happened to me now. I've been an expert on soap-selling techniques, perhaps the leading expert on the irritant commercial technique, you know, the insistently repetitive meaningless gibberish with a few key words that plant themselves in the subcooscious and induce a compulsion to buy. Well, now I see that this man Stengel has developed this very technique beyond anything we've achieved in the soap industry. I fell victim to a master of my own craft! Do you see? Maybe I was more vulnerable than most people. But I tell you, sir, when I walked out that kitchen entrance, I felt that I simply had to study dentistry, *had to, had to, had to!*"

Mrs. Napier, looking more beautiful than ever in her happiness, slowly rose from the sofa and put her arms around her husband's neck. "Oh, sweetheart," she whispered, "you're well again, you're well again!"

COMFORTABLY CHAOTIC ONCE AGAIN, BASEBALL SHOWS IN FAMILIAR BLACK HEADLINES THAT ALL'S WELL WITH ITS WORLD



The writer looked away in embarrassment. Then he turned back as Napier cried:

"You're doggone right I'm well again and we're going home, home to Cincinnati, sweets! Let's start packing now!"

"Fels, Fels," sighed Mrs. Napier, "I've never been so happy in my life!"

"What if I do have to start all over again in Big Soap—even at $50,000 a year!" said Napier. "We can manage!"

"Of course we can!" exclaimed Mrs. Napier.

The writer thought it was time to go. "I certainly wish you every happiness," the writer said.

"Thank you so much for coming to see us," said Mrs. Napier. "And would you please take those two books on the table and return them to Mr. Casey Stengel?"

"Gladly," said the writer, picking up the books. One was entitled *Short Cuts to Dentistry* and the other was *The Home Dentist.*

"Goodby then," said the writer. The Napiers did not seem to hear the writer, who closed the door quietly behind him.

In the Muehlebach lobby, the writer picked up a copy of *The Sporting News* and went into the all-night coffee shop to read it. On page one there was a statement by President Cronin predicting a tight race in the American League for 1959, another by Warren Giles predicting a tight race in the National League and a third by Commissioner Frick predicting a tight race in both leagues. There was also a story headed, NO MAJOR LEAGUE EXPANSION SEEN IN NEAR FUTURE.

There was also a three-column headline at the bottom of the page on the results of *The Sporting News'* annual poll of sportswriters concerning the outcome of the 1959 pennant races. The headline said, SCRIBES LOOK FOR YANKS AND BRAVES TO REPEAT.

IT was all pretty comforting to the writer as he sipped his coffee. For it had been a rough winter, perhaps the roughest in all baseball history. But now, as *The Sporting News* suggested, everything was back to normal. Organized Baseball could go on as if Fels Napier had never existed. Ford Frick was back in the commissioner's chair and all was right with the baseball world and, except for serving on a committee once in a while, nobody had to do anything —about anything. **END**

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Prime ministers are seldom free of their countries' problems. But when Ylla, Sports Illustrated's late great animal photographer, found Pandit Nehru of India in his garden a while back, he was playing with a baby tiger.

THE TIGER AND THE FLY

Photographs by Ylla

Few people in this world are lucky enough to have baby tigers around the house, and few baby tigers are lucky enough to live and play in the gardens of Pandit Nehru. Mr. Nehru leans to young tigers and from time to time has a few on hand. When they get older, he leans away from them and by and by perhaps he gets some new young ones. He plays with them in the morning and in the evening, usually for only about 15 minutes, because Mr. Nehru is a busy man. At other times the tigers are permitted to romp around in the house. They also go out in the gardens and spacious lawns that surround the Prime Minister's residence where they stalk imaginary enemies through the flower beds. Young tigers are somewhat rough on flowers but Mr. Nehru doesn't seem to mind. The cubs are allowed to roam, and there is a special man to feed them when they are hungry. It is a good life, but even a young tiger residing with a prime minister can have his troubles. While Ylla was taking pictures on the lawn this one had a small but persistent trouble. There was a fly, an insolent common housefly, in the eye of the tiger. It kept coming back. How could a young tiger be dignified and stalk imaginary enemies with a fly in his eye?



He slapped at the fly and blinked his eye and the fly went away. Then the tired little tiger stretched out in some nasturtiums and went to sleep



Perhaps he dreamed a little tiger dream—anyway, when he awoke he sat up with his eyes opened very wide and looked around for the fly. No fly



The little tiger began to feel more like a tiger. He moved across the lawn at a slow pace, stalking an imaginary enemy. This was much better. Lucky tiger





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The serene and classic strength of this decanter guards the world's most gifted spirit, rich with tradition and cause for celebration. In regal blue wrap with red *cordon*, it has the distinction befitting Canada's finest whisky. Also available in traditional bottle.



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A BLERO OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES SIX YEARS OLD

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1958 SILVER ANNIVERSARY ALL-AMERICA

Sports Illustrated announces its annual awards for career achievement to college seniors of 25 autumns ago who won their letters in football and who, in the judgment of their colleges and of a board of their fellow citizens, have most signally distinguished themselves in American professional, business and community life in the generation since 1933

Turn the page



CHARLES F. ADAMS
President, the Raytheon Manufacturing Co.



JOHN E. BIERWIRTH
Chairman, National Distillers and Chemical Corp.



HAROLD BOESCHENSTEIN
President, Owens-Corning Fiberglas Co.



DETLEV W. BRONK
President, the Rockefeller Institute



FERDINAND EBERSTADT
Investment banker, head of F. Eberstadt & Co.



HERBERT FLEISHHACKER
Vice president, Landis, Pelletier & Parrish, Inc.

SILVER
ALL-AMERICA

THE JUDGES

First challenge was to U.S. college and university presidents to choose and endorse an athlete of 25 years ago. Then it was the task of these judges to review the citations and elect 25



GEN. ALFRED M. GRUENTHER
President of the American Red Cross



WALLACE K. HARRISON
Partner, Harrison and Abramovitz, architects



HENRY T. HEALD
President of the Ford Foundation



HENRY CABOT LODGE
American Ambassador to the United Nations



JOHN P. MARQUAND
Novelist and author



LEONARD F. McCOLLUM
President, Continental Oil Co.



JAMES F. OATES JR.
President, Equitable Life Assurance Society



HARRY A. BULLIS
Chairman of the Board, General Mills, Inc.



JOHN L. BURNS
President, Radio Corporation of America



JUSTIN DART
President, the Rexall Drug Co.



LELAND I. DOAN
President, the Dow Chemical Co.

TWO COLLEGE PRESIDENTS across the U.S. last June went a letter of invitation and challenge: to review the careers of their senior football lettermen of 25 falls ago and to designate the one man who has made the most notable achievement in his chosen field of life and in community service, in the generation since; a man, moreover, deserving national recognition for that achievement.

Such criteria, if simple, are severe. This magazine takes pride in the fact that, for the third year in succession, more than 70 colleges and universities have identified and honored such a man by the act of selection. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has no wish to minimize the long-familiar All-Americas announced every fall. We believe with our own late Herman Hickman, however, that silver anniversary career reviews help to illuminate some of the aims in which athletics, education and American society itself are joined.

To the board of distinguished Americans shown here SPORTS ILLUSTRATED submitted a 200-page dossier book consisting of individual citations exactly as written by the colleges and universities themselves. The 25 men the judges picked as most outstanding of the group—the Silver Anniversary All-America of 1958—are named on the following pages.



SHELDON GLUECK
Roscoe Pound Professor of Law, Harvard



HAROLD (RED) GRANGE
Football commentator and All-America



PAUL HOFFMAN
Corporation director and administrator



CHESTER J. LAROCHE
Chairman, the National Football Foundation



RALPH T. REED
President, American Express Co.



C. R. SMITH
President, American Airlines



EDWIN J. THOMAS
Chairman of the Board, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.



HOMER C. WADSWORTH
Chairman, Citizens Advisory Committee on Fitness

CONTINUED

FROM YESTERDAY TO NOW

by JOHN K. TIBBY

THE YEAR was 1933. A remarkably large number of gray-haired men still wore silk toppers, white-piped vests and worried expressions. Bread was up a cent to 6¢ for a one-pound loaf. You could fly coast to coast now in 20 hours, with half a dozen stops, but most travelers stuck to the good old railroads. The football still had rounded points and could be drop-kicked. The 25 men who have just been elected to this year's Silver Anniversary All-America (*see box at right*) were entering their last year of college and last season of college football.

Today, though their careers differ (*see sketches beginning on page 88*), they have one achievement in common, that of living through the wild weather of the past quarter century with success and service to America. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and the Silver Anniversary judges salute them for what they are: outstanding products of their colleges, exemplars of the tradition that men and nations are saved by character and energy, by faith and works.

Their ranks number physicians and engineers, businessmen and soldiers, leaders in advertising, film making, theology and the law. They include a judge and a geologist and an atomic scientist today busy harnessing atomic energy for peaceful purposes. Few of them foresaw their futures, though some of the challenges they would meet were already taking shape on the world's horizons.

Berlin was in the headlines as the year began, as it is today. Roaring fire pillared up through the stately stone of the Reichstag—erasing a symbol of parliamentary

1933 . . . 'You may remember what happened'



PARADING PROUDLY up Tokyo Bay, Japanese fleet returns from war games which rehearsed tactics to be used against hypothetical U.S. attack. Battleship *Hiyei* (*foreground*) and distant carriers *Kaga* and *Ryujo* were at the bottom by 1943.



ROARING WITH FLAME, Berlin's Reichstag burns in fire which Nazis blamed on Communists, used to increase home support for Hitler.



RIGHT-HANDING JAUNTILY. President Roosevelt opens third game of World Series, played at Griffith Stadium between Washington Senators and New York Giants. FDR's pitch was delayed a while because home club forgot to furnish him a ball.

GAVELING EMPHATICALLY, General Hugh S. Johnson, the NRA administrator, opens a public meeting on recovery policies in Omaha.



The Silver All-Americas have a notable achievement in common: that of living through the wild weather of the past 25 years with success and service to America

government as Adolf Hitler moved to erase the reality of it. The Nazis blamed the Communists for the fire, arrested a mumbling imbecile named Marinus van der Lubbe and struck off his head. Hitler restored the chopping block for political executions, denounced disarmament talks, and pulled Germany out of the League of Nations. The French took reassurance in their new Maginot Line with underground amenities for off-duty *poilus*. "Comfort," said France's Marshal Pétain, "is of utmost strategic importance." In Tokyo Bay, Emperor Hirohito reviewed his fleet just back from long rehearsal games at sea. The problem to which the Japanese Navy had addressed itself: kicking hypothetical U.S. forces out of the Marshall and Caroline islands.

In the United States as the year began there were 13 million unemployed, the banks were shut, and with the help of platoons of experts called brain-trusters—who did not repudiate the designation—President Franklin Roosevelt was creating the first of a long roster of alphabetical agencies. With its Blue Eagle Symbol ("We Do Our Part") the NRA set National Recovery Administration codes for industry. In the spirit of the times, a Milwaukee couple christened their baby Franklin Delano Blue Eagle Knapinski. At Princeton, after the football team beat Yale for the first time in five years, seniors designed a fresh heraldic device for their spring beer suits in which an eagle clutched a football in one claw, a beer mug signalizing the return of real beer in the other. Beneath was the valedictory motif, "We Did Our Part." College wags suggested that NRA meant Never Refuse Alcohol. Harvard, a bit concerned about repeal, warned freshmen that liquor on the breath would be cause for expulsion.

It was a great year for undergraduate petitions. Characteristically, they urged U.S. membership in the League of Nations, military neutrality and beady-eyed control of the armaments industry. At Temple University a sheet went around in which signers pledged to decapitate themselves, and it drew 500 unwary signatures. A Cambridge, Mass. councilman named Charles H. Shea urged the town to buy six horses for the police force, crying, "We need mounted police for the Harvard students. I don't know if they are communists, bolsheviks, or nuts, but we should be ready to cope with them."

The traditional Poughkeepsie Regatta was called off for economy reasons (something that never happened again), but the University of Washington Huskies had the satisfaction of beating a strong Yale crew that traveled all the way to Los Angeles to contest East-West honors. Colonel E. R. Bradley's Broker's Tip, Don Meade up, won the Kentucky Derby from Head Play, Harry Fisher up, after a stretch drive in which Meade and Fisher belabored each other as much as they did their mounts. Handsome Johnny Goodman won the National Open golf championship over Ralph Guldahl and Craig Wood

continued

THE 25 AWARD MEN

KEITH METS — UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
California rancher

BERNARD M. LOOMER — BATES
Theologian, University of Chicago

EDWARD C. MYERS — BUCKNELL
Vice-President, U.S. Steel Corp.

ROBERT P. SHARP — CALTECH
Chairman of geological sciences, Caltech

GLEN S. PETERS — COLGATE
New York State lumber manufacturer

WILLIAM C. EMBRY — DARTMOUTH
Manufacturer and civic leader, Louisville

HENRY W. HARDING — HAMILTON
Electronics manufacturer, Boston

C. DEAN McNEAL — KANSAS STATE COLLEGE
Executive vice-president, Pillsbury Mills

JOHN M. LEWIS — KNOX
Ceramics manufacturer, Abingdon, Ill.

PETER J. KOPCSAK — U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY
Colonel, United States Army

GEORGE F. PARKE — MONTANA STATE COLLEGE
Surgeon, Centralia, Wash.

GORDON P. CHUNG-HOON — U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
Captain, United States Navy

ARTHUR M. JENS JR. — NORTHWESTERN
Insurance executive and attorney, Chicago

EDWARD W. KRAUSE — NOTRE DAME
Coach and athletic administrator, South Bend, Ind.

MICHAEL N. VUCHNICH — OHIO STATE
Businessman and civic leader, Toronto

ARTHUR S. LANE — PRINCETON
Lawyer and jurist, Trenton, N.J.

JOSEPH M. HARRER — RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INST.
Atomic scientist, Argonne National Laboratory

AARON ROSENBERG — SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Motion picture director and producer

DAVID PACKARD — STANFORD
Electronics manufacturer, San Francisco

JAMES F. KELLY — SWARTHMORE
Author and advertising executive, New York

CHARLES T. KINGSTON JR. — TRINITY
Insurance executive, Hartford, Conn.

AMOS ALONZO BOLEN — WASHINGTON AND LEE
Attorney, Huntington, West Va.

CHARLES H. BROWN — WESLEYAN
Internist and professor of medicine, Cleveland

CHARLES M. BARRETT — XAVIER
Cancer researcher and professor of medicine, Cincinnati

LAURENCE R. GOODYEAR — YALE
Attorney, Buffalo, N.Y.

Also, the New York Yankees lost the pennant



GOLF'S BIG TITLE, the U.S. Open championship, went to Johnny Goodman of Omaha, who accepts his trophy against a backdrop of approving gyrenes. Goodman shot a 287 to beat the young Ralph Guldahl and such veterans as Craig Wood, Walter Hagen.



HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP went to Primo Carnera *(right, above)* after he knocked out Boston's Jack Sharkey in the sixth. Carnera, possibly one of the most put-upon fighters in history, was promised only 10% of the total receipts ($160,000). Fortnight later, pleading broke in a breach of promise suit, he said of his fight winnings: "No see that money."



HOME RUN HERO of the World Series was 24-year-old Mel Ott of the New York Giants. Playing in his first Series, he drove a Washington pitch into the right-field Polo Grounds stands, helped the Giants win that game 4-2 and the Series four games to one. In Ott's career, which ended in a Mississippi auto accident this fall, he hit 511 major league home runs.

SILVER ALL-AMERICA *continued*

at Glen View, Ill. Pretty Virginia Van Wie beat Helen Hicks for the women's championship by coming back from four down, shooting nothing but pars and birdies for the last 12 holes. Primo Carnera, boxing's pituitary giant, knocked out Jack Sharkey for the heavyweight championship. Louis Meyer won the Indianapolis "500" with an average speed of 104 mph. The great Italian driver, Tazio Nuvolari, added victory at Le Mans, in an Alfa Romeo, to victory in the Mille Miglia. Britain's Fred Perry beat Australia's Jack Crawford for the American tennis championship and set a temporary vogue for tennis victors by vaulting over the net after the final point to shake the hand of his exhausted opponent. (In Davis Cup competition, the Americans were nowhere as the British and French battled it out in the Challenge Round, with victory going to the British.) California's Helen Jacobs retained the women's title against California's Helen Wills Moody after Moody, pleading a pulled back muscle, raised her hand in a mid-match gesture of default. Kansas Bill Cunningham ran the mile in 4:09.8, the 1,500 meters in 3:52.3, was voted the AAU's sportsman of the year. And the New York Giants beat the Washington Senators four games to one with the help of a screwball pitcher named Carl Hubbell and a young outfielder named Mel Ott who, playing his first World Series game, cocked his foot and hit the ball into the right-field stands his first time up. (The New York Yankees finished second in the American League.)

Basehall yielded to football and, with little competition from the pros, the college forces took the field. Michigan under Coach Harry Kipke rumbled along toward its fourth Big Ten championship in four years. The reviving Princetons, under Fritz Crisler, went unbeaten. In the South, Wallace Wade's Blue Devils of Duke dominated the newly organized Southern Conference. But the finest football, it seemed to all right-thinking experts, was the variety played on the Pacific Coast. That was why the experts scoffed and predicted a lopsided score when Lou Little's relatively lightweight Columbia, beaten once in Ivy League play, was invited to represent the East against Stanford in the Rose Bowl.

You may remember what happened. Columbia drilled diligently and in secret with a deceptive double spinner designated KF79, called the play in the second quarter,



TENNIS BATTLE of the Helens came to an end when Helen Wills Moody (*sunshade, center*) defaulted in Forest Hills finals to Helen Jacobs (*right*), pleading fatigue that proved to come from a displaced vertebra. Jacobs, who was leading 3–0 in third and decisive set, was to hold the title until Alice Marble's day.



NOTRE DAME'S REDEMPTION DAY arrived, after poor season, when the Irish beat Army 13–12 before 78,000 in Yankee Stadium. Here Army's Jack Buckler gets off a punt as Pete Kopcsak (*extreme right*) charges downfield to tackle Notre Dame receiver. A hero for winning Irish was Tackle Moose Krause.



PRINCETON'S RETURN to eastern honors and the championship of the Ivy League, after years of hard knocks, was signalized by 27–2 victory over Yale. Princeton's Frank John here kicks placement point after Tigers' first score. Unbeaten Princeton gave up only eight points all season while itself scoring 217.

sent Fullback Al Barabas over the goal line untouched, and stood off Stanford for the rest of the game to win 7–0. Except for Stanford fans, it was a rousing moment for America. It was one of those happy renewals of the David-and-Goliath story, and it accorded well with the recovery mood of a country which, at the moment, was whistling a cheer-up tune from Walt Disney: *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*

The Silver Anniversary men of 1958 met each other in a score or so of games in the fall of 1933. Princeton's (and Art Lane's) victims included Washington and Lee, Dartmouth, Navy and Yale. Navy's Chung-Hoon helped the Naval Academy beat Notre Dame (and Moose Krause) for the first time in history. Moose Krause helped Notre Dame beat Army (and Pete Kopcsak) in a rouser that made up for a poor Notre Dame season. Army (and Kopcsak) turned around and beat Navy (and Chung-Hoon). In short, it was a season not unlike other seasons, and the games are still bright in the memories of those who played them and those who watched.

By graduation day, 1934, the U.S. had only 11 million unemployed. Seniors, still whistling the Disney tune and similar ingrained songs of cheer, set out on their careers.



CONSTERNATION DAY for the experts came when little Columbia upset the Goliaths of Stanford 7–0 in the Rose Bowl. Here Columbia Fullback Al Barabas (No. 28) charges around left end for 17 yards and winning touchdown without a hand being laid upon him. Play was famous double spinner known as KF79.

FOR INDIVIDUAL HISTORIES, TURN THE PAGE

1933-58 MEN OF ACHIEVEMENT

Meet them here in vignette, with then-and-now pictures: 25 football players of 25 years ago who today serve their fellows as lawyers and judges, ranchers and executives, soldiers and theologians, medical men and atomic scientists

ACTIVE THEN, ACTIVE NOW is the way the Silver Anniversary men must be characterized as a group. As undergraduates they achieved good balance between studies and work, sport and campus leadership. Twenty of the 25 held part-time jobs or worked through summer vacations to help pay their way. Eight of them won academic scholarships (only four had athletic scholarships) and five wound up Phi Beta Kappa. Outside football season, almost all won letters in other sports; they played hockey, baseball and basketball, wrestled, ran, jumped, heaved the shot.

As career men today they put in an average "work week" of a solid 65 hours, including in some cases heavy contributions of time to community affairs. They have a good deal less time for outdoor sport than they had as undergraduates (and as one result average 14 pounds heavier than in football days). But they are golfers, swimmers, tennis players, fishermen and—in a world of expanding suburbias—home gardeners, leaf rakers, Mr. Fixits. All have married (at the average age of 26), and they are the fathers of 34 sons, 32 daughters.

As Depression era undergraduates their average tuition, board and room costs came to $775. Their sons and daughters will have to pay more than twice that, but Pop should be able to raise the money. The average income of the 20 award men who were willing to reveal their incomes is $37,000, and the figure would likely be even higher if all had replied. Here they are in vignette:

KEITH METS UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

California rancher

It was no part of Keith Mets's plan that he would become a rancher; he wanted to be a doctor. But in his second year at Harvard Medical School bis father died, and Mets headed back to the Imperial Valley to get the crops in. His farming operations grew so quickly that he never returned to Harvard. Instead, he pioneered the production of flax in the Imperial Valley, was soon setting world records for its production. He now farms 3,500 acres in a diversified crop program, breeds Charolaise and Charbray steers, is president of the Imperial Valley Farmers' Association. Not quite forgetting his medical school aims, he is also president of the Imperial Valley Tuberculosis Association, as well as an adviser to the government on irrigation and fair treatment of migratory Mexican labor. An old tackle, Mets says: "The training gained in football is of value, regardless of what fields of endeavor one may enter."





BERNARD M. LOOMER BATES

Professor of theology, University of Chicago



Bernard Loomer was the quarterback and take-charge man for Bates 25 years ago. Now he is a University of Chicago theologian teaching courses in constructive theology, the theology of Barth, Tillich, Bultmann and Niebuhr, the philosophy of Plato, Hegel, Aristotle, Kant and Whitehead in relation to the Christian faith. He is working on two books, *Integrity, Community and Education* and *The Structure of the Christian Faith.* Theologian Loomer also has some thoughts about sport: too many people think of it as just a recess from more earnest business. "This is heresy. There are enough critics of the arts; we could use more well-trained critics of athletics. For in sport, life is just as significant as it is anywhere else, and the tensions are just as real as in any other phase. Sport itself is an aspect of the full human life." In a full life of his own, Loomer also lectures to undergrads at Knox College.



EDWARD C. MYERS BUCKNELL

Vice-president, United States Steel Corporation

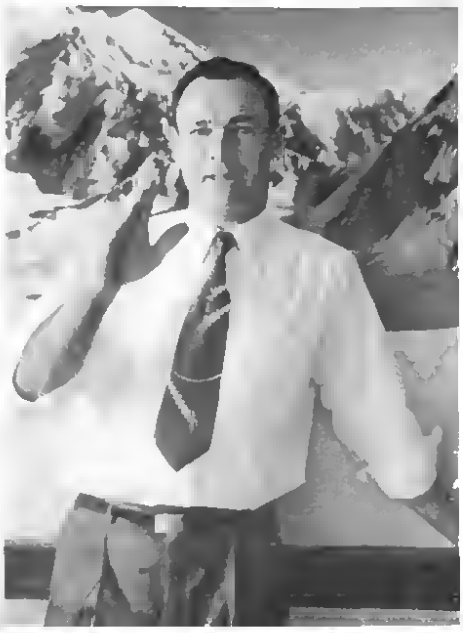


As a triple-threat halfback, senior class president and honor student, Speed Myers was a well-rounded man at Bucknell. He coached an amateur football team on the side in his first years at U.S. Steel, where he began as a trainee in the sprawling, historic Homestead plant. As the steel industry recovered from the Depression, Myers had less and less time for coaching. He moved up through the ranks at U.S. Steel, this year was elected vice-president in charge of personnel for the 220,000-employee corporation. Myers and U.S. Steel search for "the uncommon man—especially in research." But prevailingly they look for "generalists," people of diversified abilities. Today Myers keeps diversified by playing golf and squash, by serving as an officer of his church and of a mill town community house, as a member of industry-wide committees on safety and employment of the handicapped.



ROBERT P. SHARP CALTECH

Chairman of geological sciences, Caltech



Bob Sharp is glad that he went out for football and wishes more young scientists would do the same. As a quarterback in an early version of the T formation, Sharp handled the ball on nearly all plays. Since the rules of the game were weighted in favor of brute force in 1933 (five-yard penalty for two incomplete passes in a series, loss of the ball if you passed incomplete into the end zone), the 165-pound Sharp spent a good part of each game flat on his back under the charge of incoming enemy tackles. Today, he is one of the ablest, most popular teachers at Caltech, a U.S. member of the panel on glaciology for the International Geophysical Year. He says: "I think most young scientists need what you get from football—the news that you have got to be as determined as hell and that there is a certain poise and aggressiveness that is desirable. I know no better way to get this."



CONTINUED

GLEN S. PETERS COLGATE

New York State lumber manufacturer



Glen Peters saw a lot of the world and a lot of combat (six battle stars) with the U.S. Navy in World War II. After that he faced a sharp decision: whether to go for advancement in the big national company that employed him before the war or to try business for himself in western New York where he was born. Scraping together the down payment, Peters purchased a lumber mill in the town of Arcade, enlarged his scope by the purchase or founding of four more companies in the next 10 years. A model of the small businessman who brings growth and leadership to his community, Glen Peters has also busied himself in attracting branch plants of major U.S. industry to Arcade. One civic challenge Peters has not yet accepted is to run for mayor; like many a businessman he thinks himself "too busy." But he still finds time to watch high school football, urge and assist boys to enter Colgate.



WILLIAM C. EMBRY DARTMOUTH

Manufacturer and civic leader, Louisville



The teamwork and drive he learned as an end at Dartmouth have, in Bill Embry's own mind, been "part of the maturing process" and transferable assets in his life. His job now, as general manager of the Louisville division of the Alton Box Board Co., involves the characteristic decisions of the executive. In addition Embry devotes himself to the life of his city and state. He was a chairman of the Louisville Board of Education when the Supreme Court decision of 1954 ordered desegregation; Embry insisted that "thinking and planning must start right now," and Louisville's orderly execution of the Court's mandate has been outstanding. Today, a past president of the Louisville Chamber of Commerce and a leader in the Red Cross, he is a member of the Kentucky Board of Education, secretary of his Dartmouth class, president of the General Association of all Dartmoutb alumni.



HENRY W. HARDING HAMILTON

Electronics manufacturer, Boston



Halfback Harding belongs to one of the fine football teams in Hamilton history; the Continentals had a 6-1 season in 1933. But Harding will be remembered even longer at Hamilton as a man who has made his way in the world and has never ceased to interest himself, through alumni councils, in the welfare of his old college. Upon graduation he took a job at $27.50 a week as an executive trainee at General Electric, soon discovered the capacities that have led him to success as the reorganizer and developer of industrial firms. Today he is president of the Laboratory for Electronics, Inc. of Boston, which this year received a $23 million Air Force contract for navigation equipment, one of the largest since the war. Golfer Harding (handicap 15) mumbles that he should have spent more time playing the game in college, but proudly observes that a son has the makings of a halfback.



C. DEAN McNEAL KANSAS STATE COLLEGE
Executive vice-president, Pillsbury Mills



As an undergraduate Dean McNeal specialized in line play and in mastering the intricacies of agricultural economics. He stayed on at Kansas State for a while to teach but soon went to work on commodity forecasts for industry. Today, after wartime service with OPA, McNeal is an executive vice-president of Pillsbury Mills. On weekdays, he concerns himself with such things as the buying of wheat, the processing of feeds and the probabilities of the commodity market; on weekends he tramps over the Minnesota countryside in pursuit of ducks, pheasant and bass, depending on season—except on Sunday mornings, when he turns up in his Minneapolis church to lead the junior high school division of its Sunday school. Executive McNeal admits that he leans toward hiring young men with atbletic hackgrounds "because I believe they will think and act more decisively."



JOHN M. LEWIS KNOX
Ceramics manufacturer, Abingdon, Ill.



John Lewis earned nine letters in football, basketball and track at Knox College, a record matched at Knox about once in 25 years. Then he settled down to make his career in his home community of Abingdon, Ill. (pop. 3,300), home of the Abingdon Potteries, which employs 300 of the town's men and women. Lewis is today executive vice-president and general manager of Abingdon Potteries and a leader in the town's civic concerns—as a member of the School Board, of the County Association for Crippled Children, and, among other things, of the fund-raising group that has just gathered $830,000 to enlarge two district hospitals. "I have never seen a person who has succeeded in athletics," he says, "or at least worked hard to compete in athletics, fail to make a success in something else." So far as hiring policy goes under John Lewis, "We're looking for competitive attitude."



PETER J. KOPCSAK U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY
Colonel, United States Army



Some of the same qualities that made Pete Kopcsak a formidable end for West Point have made him a man to reckon with in a military career which won him the Silver Star, Bronze Star and a Purple Heart as a tank commander with Patton during World War II and a postwar assignment to military intelligence. From his western Pennsylvania boyhood in a coal-mining family, Kopcsak had developed a mastery of Hungarian, and he was sent to Budapest as assistant military attaché. On four separate occasions he found himself in Soviet jails accused of espionage. Twice he talked his way out. Once, in Vienna, being transported between prisons, he was rescued by an international patrol. The fourth time he made a break for it, escaped in a jeep. Says husky Colonel Kopcsak: "Two Russian policemen came along for a while, but they both fell out." Kopcsak is now on duty in Japan.



CONTINUED

GEORGE F. PARKE MONTANA STATE COLLEGE
Surgeon, Centralia, Wash.



After his quarterbacking days George Parke worked his way through medical school in Chicago, turned west again to settle in little (pop. 8,500) Centralia, Wash. Today his gifts and graces have made him virtually the most useful and respected man in town. To a large general practice he adds the specialty of surgery, has served as chief of staff of the Centralia Hospital and is the local ideal of what a doctor should be: "Never too busy to give requested advice, never too rushed to savor the joys of everyday living, never too important to notice trivial things that concern small children"—as one admiring colleague puts it. Dr. Parke works an 80-hour week. "I'm firmly of the opinion," he says, "that coronary attacks are not caused by reasonably hard work. Dissatisfaction with what you are doing and general boredom can cause more trouble of that kind than work ever will."



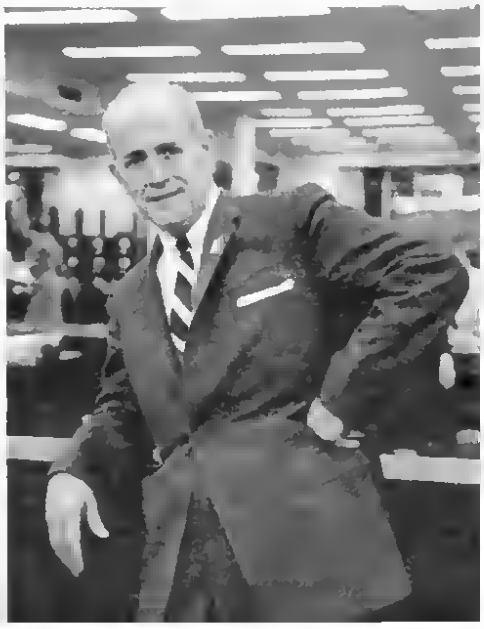
GORDON P. CHUNG-HOON U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
Captain, United States Navy



Home for Gordon Chung-Hoon is Honolulu, where he was born into a Hawaiian-English-Chinese family and from which he was later appointed to Annapolis. Honolulu has other memories for Captain Chung-Hoon: a few years after his graduation from Annapolis, where he was an authentic Navy football hero, he was a gunnery officer on the battleship *Arizona* in Pearl Harbor when the Japanese bombs came down. His turn to strike back came later as commander of the destroyer *Sigsbee* in the final stages of the war and brought Chung-Hoon the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism in action" off Okinawa as well as the Silver Star for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity" off the home islands of Japan. Today, a responsible four-striper in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations, his job is helping to evaluate the characteristics required in the support vessels of a changing Navy.



ARTHUR M. JENS JR. NORTHWESTERN
Insurance executive and attorney, Chicago



Arthur Jens went to Northwestern as a tall lanky track star, the champion high hurdler among Illinois schoolboys. Then, says Jens, "I fell in with rough companions and became a football player." A good one, too; against Indiana, skinny Right End Jens charged in and blocked three punts in one game. After night law school, and at the prodigy age of 31, he was named a member of the top command of Trans-World Airlines by TWA's mercurial boss, Howard Hughes. After he was fired ("Howard fired everyone, and everyone was eventually grateful to Howard for forcing them to move into more successful pursuits"), Jens found his own real career as a partner in the big Chicago insurance firm of Fred. S. James & Co., specializing in large industrial accounts. Long active in Northwestern University affairs, he served last year as president of its general alumni association.



EDWARD W. KRAUSE NOTRE DAME

Coach and athletic administrator, South Bend, Ind.



Notre Dame had one of its rare seasons of depression when Moose Krause was a senior; there were four games in a row in which the Irish scored not a point. But the season was redeemed by a 13-12 victory over Army, and Tackle Krause, who incredibly blocked or helped block eight punts, was one of the heroes of the day. Moose Krause prefers winning seasons but can see some handy values in the losing kind: "You learn to accept adversity and master it." As a coach and athletic director Krause has been prevailingly blessed with winning seasons. His one time-out was a World War II tour of duty as a Marine Corps lieutenant assigned to air-combat intelligence flights in the Pacific. For the last 10 years he has been director of athletics at his alma mater. He has also found time to lead South Bend's United Fund drives, serve as a director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.



MICHAEL N. VUCHNICH OHIO STATE

Businessman and civic leader, Toronto



Mike Vuchnich grew up in the coal mining hills of western Pennsylvania and quit school at 14 to keep his family by mining coal himself. Only after three years and the insistent arguments of an old teacher was it possible for Vuchnich to enter high school. But high school led to football, to a prep school year at Kiski and then to Ohio State, where Mike is remembered as one of the finest centers in Columbus history. The education that football led to then led Mike into business, eventually to the presidency of the Lincoln Electric Company of Canada (gross last year: $6,000,000), to a distinguished civic career in Toronto and to Canadian citizenship. A leader in the enlightened management of Canadian business, Vuchnich has been a pioneer in industrial profit-sharing, an active fund raiser in behalf of retarded children, of the YMCA, YWCA and of the United Church of Canada.



ARTHUR S. LANE PRINCETON

Lawyer and jurist, Trenton, N.J.



Captain of the unbeaten football team, president of his class for four years, chairman of the Undergraduate Council, winner on graduation day of Princeton's hallowed Pyne Honor Prize as the outstanding man of his year—that was Lane's undergraduate record. Instead of gravitating to a business career, he took his law degree (Harvard) and was just settling into practice when World War II began in Europe. Lane volunteered for active Navy duty before Pearl Harbor, rose to the command of a destroyer escort on anti-submarine service, today holds the uncommon high rank of captain, USNR. Back home in New Jersey after the war, Lane took up again the profitable practice of the law but, true to the public-service tradition of Pyne Prizemen, accepted duties as assistant county prosecutor at the same time. Two years ago, in a career that continues, he became a judge of the Mercer County (N.J.) Court.



CONTINUED

JOSEPH M. HARRER — RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Atomic scientist, Argonne National Laboratory



Atomic science as a career had not been thought of when Joe Harrer was playing in the line for RPI and getting his chief kicks helping to beat Union, CCNY and Worcester. As a science graduate in those still-Depression days, Harrer went to work for $15 a week. Even today, given the fact that the public service of the United States pays niggardly wages for the same talents that are highly rewarded in business, he is still underpaid by Silver Anniversary income standards. Harrer's compensations lie in other directions. When the wartime call went out for imaginative engineers who could function with top-secret effectiveness in the atomic bomb program, Harrer qualified and went to work. Today he applies himself to an assignment equally challenging, if not more so: as a boss engineer in the reactor division of the Argonne National Laboratory he is harnessing atomic power for peaceful purposes.



AARON ROSENBERG — SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Motion picture director and producer



When the All-America votes were counted in 1933, Southern California's great guard Aaron Rosenberg was a virtually unanimous choice. Rosenberg, a varsity player for three years while the Trojans were winning 30 games, losing two under Coach Howard Jones, was one of the reasons for Southern California's then dominance of the college game. (Ironically and characteristically, Rosy rejected UCLA and chose Southern California after a UCLA coach told him in a recruiting tête-à-tête, "You'll never make it at USC with all that competition.") On graduation, Rosenberg headed into the Hollywood jungle to learn the movie-making business. There, when he was treated deferentially as a football hero (and given little to do), he cursed out his bosses and told them, "Get tough with me and show me how things are done." Today, at 46, Rosy is one of the top dozen movie producers in America.



DAVID PACKARD — STANFORD

Electronics manufacturer, San Francisco

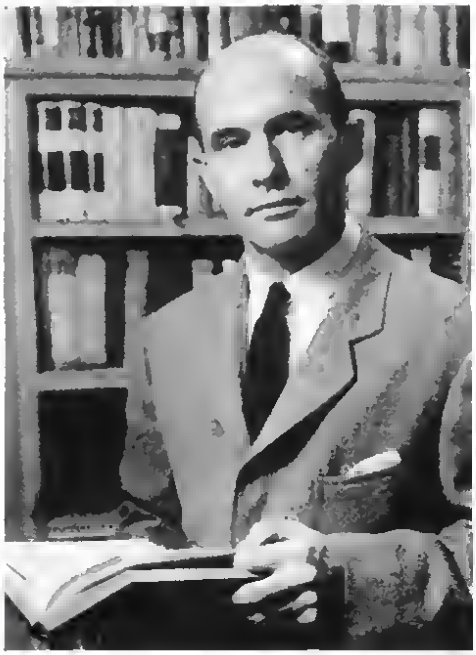


The other All-America guard in Aaron Rosenberg's senior year (*see above*) was Bill Corbus of Stanford—and Corbus' Stanford was one of the rare teams that beat Rosenberg's USC. Not unnaturally, Stanford's nominating citation in this year's Silver Anniversary All-America awarded praise to Bill Corbus, now chairman of Stanford's own Athletic Board. But on career achievement the man Stanford nominated was End David Packard, campus leader and Phi Bete, who is today chairman of Stanford's Board of Trustees. An engineer by training, Dave Packard served an apprenticeship at GE (like Hamilton's Henry Harding—*see page 90*), later launched into the electronics business. The Hewlett-Packard Co. of California, founded by Dave and a Stanford classmate, employs 1,700 people, did a $30 million business in "measuring tools" for the electronics industry last year, is still growing.



JAMES F. KELLY SWARTHMORE

Author and advertising executive, New York City

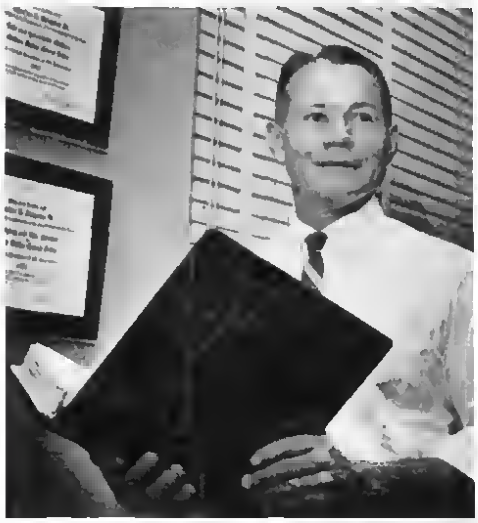


Jim Kelly played football at a college that values thought, and Halfback Kelly has remained a thoughtful man. Most of his week he is vice-president and creative supervisor for the New York advertising agency of Ellington & Co.; on weekends he is an author who this fall examined a cast of Madison Avenue characters, and incidentally the theology and morality of Madison Avenue, in an uncommonly good novel on the subject called *The Insider*. Kelly objects to the stereotype of the ad man "as a helpless Madman as portrayed in books." Advertising "is not a hungry predator on the prowl nor a fey branch of show business; it is an integral part of human society and should be judged as such." Kelly thinks that college football has value on Madison Avenue too. "One of the main things you learn in football," he says, "is footwork, how to fall loose, how to keep on plugging."



CHARLES T. KINGSTON JR. TRINITY

Insurance executive, Hartford, Conn.



The chapel at Trinity College, built since Chuck Kingston's time, reflects in the skilled carvings of its pew ends some of the events of Trinity history. One carving—of a forward pass—reflects the cherished moment when Guard Chuck Kingston intercepted an Amherst pass that led to Trinity's first victory over Amherst in 18 years. Kingston still has the ball, and football remains among the enduring enthusiasms of a man who was president of his class and student-body president and who, as Hartford general agent for Union Mutual Life, has been selling a million dollars' worth of insurance every year since 1952. Some of his activities on the side: chairman of the Hartford Community Chest drive, president of the Hartford Hospital Association, president of the Trinity Alumni Association. In World War II he was a major in military intelligence, won four decorations during service in the Pacific.



AMOS ALONZO BOLEN WASHINGTON AND LEE

Attorney, Huntington, W. Va.



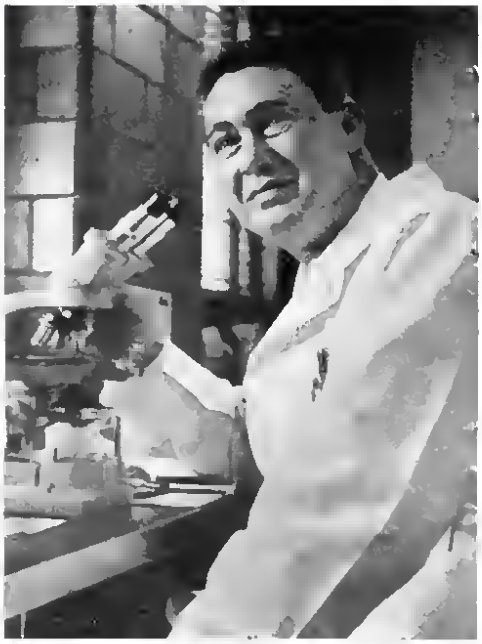
Amos Alonzo Bolen (who is not sure whether his father meant to name him for Amos Alonzo Stagg or not) grew up in the "deep, feuding and unprosperous" mountains of Kentucky. His first job, at 13, was shoveling sawdust for a lumber outfit on a stream with the symbolic name of Troublesome Creek. Bolen made Washington and Lee on character and football promise, waited on tables, worked summers in the steel mills at Ashland, Ky., became captain of the football team, also Phi Beta Kappa, valedictorian, president of the student body. After law school he turned down opportunities in larger cities, settled in hill-and-river country. "My exact reason for doing so escapes me. Perhaps seven years at Washington and Lee never took the country out of the boy." Today he is a partner in one of the most active law firms in the Ohio Valley, counsel for the Chesapeake and Ohio R.R.



CONTINUED

CHARLES H. BROWN WESLEYAN

Internist and professor of medicine, Cleveland



Charlie Brown was Wesleyan's football captain (and a Phi Bete) in a good year for the Cardinals; though preseason underdogs they won the championship of the Little Three. Early in his career Brown decided that the same qualities that make for success in football—for which he uses with fondness such well-tried words as drive, desire, persistence, teamwork—lead to accomplishment in medical research. Today, a distinguished internist and professor of medicine at the famed Cleveland Clinic, Dr. Brown is sure of it. For 20 years he has been making steady contributions to advancing medical science; alone or teamed with colleagues he has published 90 original medical treatises—and this in a regular work schedule that includes lectures, seminars and a daylong succession of patients. For just one period he published nothing: from Pearl Harbor until 1946 he was too busy as an Air Force flight surgeon.



CHARLES M. BARRETT XAVIER

Cancer researcher and professor of medicine, Cincinnati



Charlie Barrett's Xavier team never met Charlie Brown's Wesleyans, but Barrett followed the same path—into frontier work in medicine—and chooses some of the same words that Brown does for what football taught: "discipline and persistence." After med school at the University of Cincinnati, Barrett found his life's specialty in cancer research and practice. Like Brown, he gets his chief reward in "treating people." "I have to see patients or it would kill me," he says. "Often it looks as if there is no progress, but if I can add three or four years to just one man's life and alleviate the pain of those years I have done something." Last year Dr. Barrett planned and built for Cincinnati a radioactive cobalt unit for cancer therapy, one of only two in Ohio. Churchman, devoted teacher, he is described by a professional observer as "a constant example of the best in American medical tradition."



LAURENCE R. GOODYEAR YALE

Attorney, Buffalo



The character and energy that made Laurence Goodyear a successful undergraduate athlete, a Phi Bete and an honors man in law school (Harvard) are now devoted to the practice of the law in a classical pattern. Goodyear is a partner in the Buffalo firm that bears his name, one of the largest in its area, and with foundations that go back through predecessor firms to Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland. But within this setting Goodyear has for 20 years devoted himself to a new and challenging specialty: labor law. His skill has earned him an outstanding reputation in the field. Goodyear interrupted this career in World War II. Turning down a desk job commission, he enlisted as a private; later commissioned in Army military intelligence, he was attached to a Marine outfit and served in the Okinawa campaign. His current pride: two sons who have captained their prep school football teams.





THE WORLD OVER

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

"Can't I go, too?"

HUSBAND: "To Europe? But this is business . . . besides, we're not *that* rich!"

WIFE: "You can save $300 on my ticket if we fly KLM."

HUSBAND: "That so?"

WIFE: "And the same for each of the children."

HUSBAND: "Sounds good, but what about . . ."

WIFE: "And we can see lots of cities over there – free!"

HUSBAND: "Mmmmm . . ."

P.S. She went First Class, too Why don't *you* find out all about KLM family fares to Europe – including the substantial Economy Class savings? Remember, KLM features non-stop DC-7C service from New York, one stop from Houston.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 430 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Friendly Blizzard

In New England, when the heavy snow falls, it's good news for families: they ski en masse—and love it

Photographed by Farrell Grehan

AT CHRISTMASTIME in New England, the first blizzards, like the one at right swirling around the holiday-red lodges of Big Bromley, Vt., bring out bustling crowds of family skiers. For, unlike the old days, when an Eastern ski area was likely to be little more than two icy trails and a warming hut, there are a host of resorts where parents and kids can enjoy their own kind of skiing. Bromley, for example, has gentle, manicured slopes, special ski classes for children, a cluster of warm, attractive lodges and a nursery where the baby can be stashed until the ski day is over. Below, holiday skiers will find a sampling of eastern resorts that emphasize skiing in the family style and have nearby lodges that are fitted to a family budget.

BROMLEY, VT. has sunny, southeasterly slopes; J-bar LIFTS easy for children to ride; a gentle, open *beginners' slope separated from the advanced trails*; Thruway, a beginners' run served by a 5,700-foot double chair to the top of the mountain. Madeline Mettey in nearby Manchester (tel. 192) baby-sits infants for 50¢ an hour; the nursery at the area will amuse 3- to 5-year-olds by the day for $1 an hour; there is a special instructor for the 6- to 9-year-olds Slopes all funnel down to base lodge and cafeteria to make it easy to keep track of the family. Lifts $5.50 per day; for under 16, $3.50. Skating, movies and community dancing in Manchester. Distance from New York, 210 miles; from Hartford 130; from Albany 70. *ACCOMMODATIONS for families* (lodges listed will provide setups for after-ski drinks): *Kandahar Lodge*. Walking distance from slopes. Rate for

continued



HOLIDAY BLIZZARD at Big Bromley brings out family skiers who brave weather for pleasure of runs on fresh snow.




PACKED parking lot lies under blanket of deepening snow
as skiers head off for first runs of the morning.





HOLIDAY SKIERS line up for lift ride at Bromley (*above*), already savoring run down in fine new powder snow, while youngsters on ski vacation (*below*) relax around jukebox.



FAMILY SKIING

continued

family of four, $30 to $50 a day with two meals. Fireplace, hi-fi, games, cards, children's hooks. Cribs supplied free. For reservations phone Alex and Sue Zoesch, tel. South Londonderry, Valley 4-5811. *Palmer House Lodge and Motel.* 7 miles from slopes. Self-contained units for families of four to six; from $12 without meals, breakfast $1 per person. TV in eight of 10 units (and in main house). Owners: Hans and Jean Palmer, tel. Manchester 225. *Willey Inn.* One mile from area. $44 to $48 for family of four with two meals. Two fireplaces, TV and game room. No charge for cribs. Bill and Joan Johnson, tel. South Londonderry, Valley 4-6600.

MT. SNOW, VT. has six double chair LIFTS, including a baby chair lift only 700 feet long for rank beginners, and another 2,000 feet long for novices. This year Mt. Snow just opened the only outdoor heated pool at any eastern area. Pool is at base of slopes, surrounded by spacious sun deck and glass walls. Base lodge hard by pool has plenty of room inside for family lunches and a ski shop with children's rental section. There are eight cafeterias at area. No sitting service, but Little Sitzer in Dover nearby entertains children ages 1½ through 5 by the day for $4.75 including lunch. Ski lifts $5; under 16, $2.50. Special children's ski classes for ages 5 to 10. Dancing at the Red Mill, movies in Wilmington, 9 miles away. New York, 205 miles; Hartford, 98; Albany, 65. ACCOMMODATIONS for families (lodges listed arrange sleigh rides for a fee, charge extra for baby-sitting, also supply setups for tired parents): *On the Rocks.* 4 miles from slope. $40 to $60 for family of four (price includes two meals). Fireplace, TV, hi-fi, game rooms with ping-pong, skating. Orla and Marge Larsen, tel. Wilmington, HO 4-3354. *Snow Den Lodge* three miles away. $25 to $35 for four, includes two meals. Fireplace, TV, game room. Frank and Marie Smith, tel. Wilmington, HO 4-3344. *Snow Mountain Inn.* One-quarter mile from ski mountain. $28 to $44 for four with two meals. Two fireplaces, game room with ping-pong and trampolin. Win and Phyllis Lauder, tel. Wilmington, HO 4-3336.

SNOW RIDGE, N.Y. has large uphill capacity: two T bars, Pomalift and rope tows serve wide-open slopes, running down from single ridge. Snow conditions exceptionally reliable. Slopes well packed. Four beginners' slopes, one of them served by 1,800-foot Poma. LIFTS $4.25, $3 for kids under 12, $2.50 for novice day-ticket on rope tows. Ski school has special classes for 5- to 10-year-olds, supervised nursery in base lodge for those under 5. Skating and movies in Boonville, 10 miles away. New York is 250 miles away; Rochester, 60; Buffalo, 180; Albany, 125, all on the N.Y. thruway. ACCOMMODATIONS for families: *Towpath Lodge.* Within walking distance of slopes. Family of four, $31 to $36 with two meals. Fireplace, TV, game room with ping-pong, cards, checkers. Staff at lodge will watch toddlers while parents ski. Cribs free of charge. Service bar, setups. Klaus and Mignonne Heuser, tel. Lyons Falls 3900. *Holiday Lodge.* Within walking distance of slopes. $30 with two meals for family of four. Special $30 rate for family of six. Box lunches 75c extra. TV, game room. Will arrange for baby sitters, supply cribs free. Mrs. Calista B. Thomas, tel. Lyons Falls 2792. *Pioneer Lodge.* Two miles from area. $22 to $26 with two meals for four. TV, piano. No baby-sitting supplied. Sherman and Arlene Marmon, tel. Lyons Falls 3693.

CATAMOUNT, N.Y. Area open Saturday through Tuesday only; has three easy novice rope-tow slopes, including one 50-footer for tots. Big hill has an 1,800-foot T bar. Daily LIFT ticket on T bar $4, ropes $2.50. Kids under 6 ride free; up to 12, half price. $5 for full day of instruction, with reduced rates for children. Half-price rentals for three or more children. Compact layout (85 acres on single hill) makes it easy to keep family in sight. New York 110 miles; Hartford 60; Albany 45. ACCOMMODATIONS for families: *White Stallion* (fairly fancy lodgings). A quarter of a mile from area. Family of four $40 to $60 with three meals (tots under 2 get free lodgings). Four fireplaces, TV, game room with ping-pong, cards, children's books. Will arrange for baby sitters while parents ski; but bring your own crib. Sleigh rides, ski-joring parties, ice skating. Western barroom. Kids' slope with flying saucers supplied. George and Joy Kastner, tel. Hillsdale, Fairview 5-6762. *Egremont Tavern.* One and a half miles from slopes. Family of four, $16 to $20. Price does not include meals, which are served at Tavern's a la carte restaurant. Box lunches $1. Three fireplaces, TV, game room with ping-pong. Big cocktail lounge. Skating pond, will arrange sleigh rides. Will take charge of children able to walk. Arthur Connors, tel. Great Barrington, Mass. 827. *Holiday House Motel.* One mile from slope. Units with two double beds $12, rollaway beds $2 each. Breakfast $1.25, dinner $2.50. Box lunch 75c. Can take up to seven guests in adjoining rooms. No bar, but setups available. Lodge has own slope for kids, and anyone who likes to ride a flying saucer can borrow one for nothing. Mrs. Grace Drach, tel. Hillsdale, Fairview 5-6511.

SUNAPEE, N.H. has two fine novice trails served by chair LIFT, a Pomalift for low intermediates and a gentle rope tow slope, plus some good intermediate slopes and one expert trail. Big new base lodge just completed. All lifts $4.50, kids under 14, $2; $18 package plan gives five lessons, all lifts and 20% discount at inns Monday through Friday. Children's ski school teaches youngsters from 6 up. Baby-sitting service (Mrs. Richard Perkins, 60¢ an hour) in South Newbury, five miles away. Movies, skating, dancing in nearby towns. Sleigh rides $1 per person at Wilcox stables, six miles from area. Boston is only 98 miles off, Hartford 142. ACCOMMODATIONS for families (lodges listed will arrange baby sitters for a fee, have no bars but serve setups): *Four Seasons Lodge.* Three miles from slope. Family of four $30 to $40 with two meals, box lunches $1.25. Fireplace, TV, game room, ping-pong, cards, children's books. Kids' slope with toboggans and flying saucers. Cribs free, $1 for linens. Jim and Ann Torney, tel. Newport, Rogers 3-4444. *Russell's Inn,* seven miles from slopes; family of four, $30 to $40 with two meals, box lunch $1.25. Two fireplaces, TV, games in lounge. Cribs free. Burt and Mary Gould, Newport, Rogers 3-9279. *Knollwood,* three miles from slopes. Family of four $26 to $28 (with two meals) if children under 10, otherwise $28–30. Box lunch $1.50. Fireplace and TV. Bring your own crib. David and Thelma Butterfield, Newport, Rogers 3-2916.

CRANMORE, N.H. has 40 acres of novice territory served by Skimobile LIFT and Pomalift. Novice slopes can be monitored easily through windows of base lodge. Fine cafeteria and observation sun deck. North Conway, a half mile away, is largest ski village south of Stowe. Dancing in community center on Saturdays, community skating rink, movies in town. Night skiing Saturday. Lifts $5; under 14, $3. Boston is 143 miles away; Hartford 243. ACCOMMODATIONS for families: *Holiday Inn.* Three and a half miles from slope. Family of four $26 to $40, including two meals, with special deduction of 50¢ per person per day if you stay three days or more. Two fireplaces, TV, setups. Will arrange sitters. Kids' slope with toboggans, saucers. Ed and Winnie Houghton, tel. North Conway, Fleetwood 6-9772. *Birchmont.* One and a quarter miles from slope. Family of four $32 to $52 with three meals. Six fireplaces, TV, game room, ping-pong, piano. Will arrange sitters. Own practice slope with saucers, toboggans, sleds. Skating pond. Bob and Betty Knapp, tel. North Conway, Fleetwood 6-2991. *New England Inn.* Four and a half miles from slopes. Family of four $32 to $50 with two meals. Four fireplaces, TV, game room with ping-pong. Barroom. Will arrange for sitters. Cribs $2. Thomas and Anna Martin, North Conway, Fleetwood 6-5541.

OTHER GOOD FAMILY AREAS:

Stowe, Vt.; Bousquet's, Mass.; Cannon Mt., N.H.; Black Mt., N.H.; Pleasant Mt., Me.; Belknap, N.H.; Whiteface, N.Y.; Sugarloaf, Me.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T

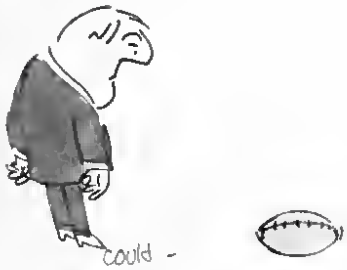
by Jules Feiffer



Harold Swerq



could hit a baseball farther than any man alive -



could -



KicK a football farther than any man alive -



could -



run the mile faster than any man alive.



Harold Swerq could do anything.



Only he wouldn't.

Baseball and football magnates came to Harold Swerg. They said:



Track and field magnates came to Harold Swerg. They said:



And to all of them Harold Swerg replies



He just wanted to go on making his living as a filing clerk.

I DON'T **LIKE** THE SPORT BUSINESS. I **LIKE** THE FILING CLERK BUSINESS.



THE SPORT BUSINESS DOESN'T PRESENT A CHALLENGE. THE FILING CLERK BUSINESS PRESENTS A CHALLENGE.



SOMEDAY I **MAY** MAKE BOOK KEEPER.



So the baseball magnates and the football magnates and the track and field magnates all got together and issued a press release.



And people read it and said



OBVIOUSLY ANY MAN WHO DOES NOT PLAY THE GAME IS **AGAINST** THE GAME AND IF HE IS AGAINST THE GAME HE IS AGAINST **FAIR PLAY** AND IF HE IS AGAINST FAIR PLAY HE IS AGAINST **OUR WAY OF LIFE!**

BOO!

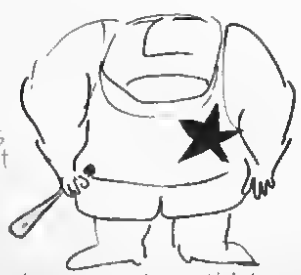
To all of which Harold Swerg replied:



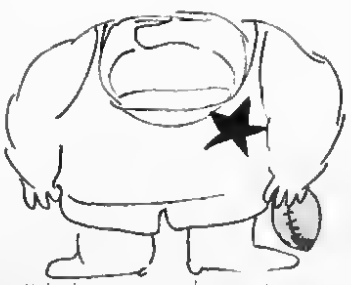
And that was where things seemed to settle.

Then the new Olympics were announced.

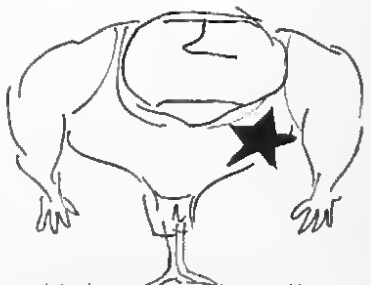
Russia was to have its greatest team ever



It had someone who could hit a baseball farther than anybody.



It had someone who could kick a football farther than anybody



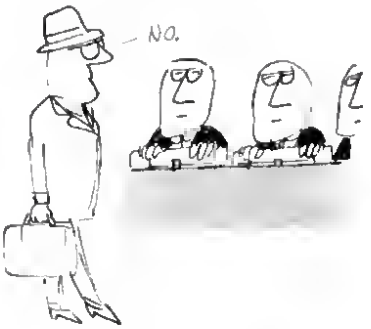
It had someone who could run a mile faster than anybody.

continued

The State Department called a conference.



So they sent a representative—



So they [illegible] loyalty file.



And that seemed to be the answer Harold Swerg was just not interested in belonging. A higher State Department official went to see him.



They sent a bunch of congressmen





screamed the press Congress threatened to draft him into the Olympics

Finally there came a special [illegible] from the President





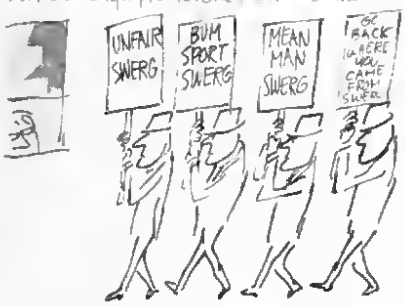
Everyone was thrown into confusion



'DON'T LISTEN! DON'T LISTEN!' cried the President's advisors and they all closed their ears.



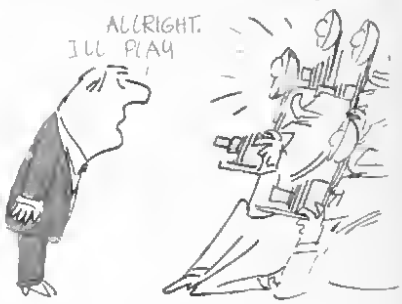
The public mistook his actions. They booed. They hissed. They burned Olympic torches on his lawn



The Soviet press offered its views on the subject



Then one day, just when things were at their hottest - Harold Swerg came out of his house and said



"SWERG WILL PLAY!" The country was electrified. "SWERG WILL PLAY! Both political parties claimed credit.

And so the games began!

The first event was who could hit a baseball the farthest The Russian (Peoples Far Finest Baseball Hero 'Smedyakov') went first



912 FEET 6 INCHES!

Harold Swerg went second.



912 FEET- 6 INCHES!

The next event was who could kick a football the farthest The Russian (Peoples Hero Kicker Bronkopski) went first.



310 YARDS 4 FEET 1 INCH!

Harold Swerg went second



310 YARDS 4 FEET 1 INCH!

Grumblings of discontent began to murmur through the crowd.

The last event was the mile. His opponent was Peoples Fastest Hero Runner Alive Kchawelshkov



It was a tie.



continued

Harold Swerg was called before the judges.



"THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU WIN" demanded the judges.





But the judges just didn't understand.

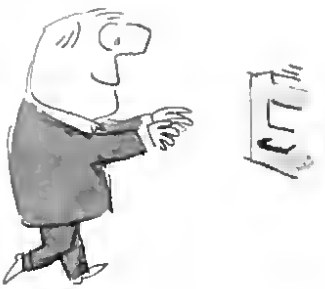




But nobody did.



Because nobody is interested in having records equalled.



So they left Harold Swerg alone—



which was just the way he wanted it.



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On the veranda with
JAMES MICHAEL

A gentle hurrah for the last of the great bosses, who loved sports as much as he did people who voted early—and often

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

FEW THINGS bring on recollection of times long unremembered as an obituary notice does. Recently, for example, when I was reading of the death of James Michael Curley, "last of the oldtime big-city political bosses," my mind kept darting back over the years to the middle 1920s when I knew Curley well.

Ours was a summertime friendship. In the years following the close of World War I, my family used to spend the summers at Nantasket, a beach about 20 miles from the Boston area. From Nantasket the men could commute to work quite easily, and this, as we kids saw it, was an advantage in more ways than one: they weren't stuck at the beach day after day with nothing to do as we were. I realize it sounds arch or contrived to say this but life was terribly boring. I think the main trouble was that Nantasket was too good a bathing beach. The waves came pounding in and broke beautifully the whole uninterrupted curving length from Hull Hill at one end down to Paragon Park at the other. It was this very excellence of the surf that hampered a kid's style. There was no boating at all. I remember one or two live-it-up guys, who would have been of college age, fooling around with a kayak for a brief time, but that was it.

What you did was go in swimming a couple of times a day (an hour after you finished eating); you broad-jumped (both running and standing) on that in-between stretch of sand that was half wet and half dry, firm enough to jump from and soft enough so you didn't sting your feet when you landed; you strung out a few kids' games like tag or ringaleevo (local pronunciation), in which the best hiding place was the grass, about three or four feet high, that covered the short strip of natural duneland between the houses on Beach Avenue and the beginning of the beach; you fooled around with a little croquet or "ran the bases," neither of which was any fun unless it involved some guy you hated and could handle or some girl you secretly liked; you watched the ships sailing by miles away on the distant horizon of the ocean, and occasionally the New York boat was late; and the rest of the time you spent desperately trying to work up some excitement over things that had long ceased to be exciting, like crawling under the verandas of the houses and, on your hands and knees, exploring those sections which were not built on cement foundations, or seeing how far you could walk without losing your balance on the cement sea walls which bordered the various plots.

In the midst of this drab torpor there loomed one shining citadel of vitality—Mayor Curley. When he was around, the pace picked up and life suddenly became quite enjoyable. For example, he annually got the summer *off* to a bang-up start on Fourth of July Eve with a display of fireworks that lasted almost two hours and ended with some really sensational stuff, "bombs" which burst two or three times in the air and skyrockets which outdid anybody else's skyrockets, partly because a crew of workmen spent the afternoon and early evening setting them up for maximum performance. Mayor Curley did things in a big way. When the hurdy-gurdy man with the monkey came around, our fathers customarily gave the man only enough money for him to crank out one or two selections before he tipped his hat and the monkey tipped his and they went on their way. Mayor Curley must have given him a fortune, for on Fourth of July Eve he played continuous music for two hours and throughout the summer he presented other long evening concerts in the graveled parking space in front of the mayor's stucco house.

THERE were other, if less spectacular, ways in which Mayor Curley's presence irradiated the monotony of the summer with a helpful splash of glamour. He and Mrs. Curley didn't entertain too often, but when they had a dinner party the guests dressed like nobody else who hit the beach; the men wore tuxedos or white jackets and the women were all dolled up and carried fans or feathers. These guests arrived in the biggest, sleekest cars of the era, and each Marmon or Peerless required long and appreciative study from us and a drawn-out consultation with its chauffeur. Sometimes, when someone came in a Rolls-Royce, our loyalty was pushed close to the breaking point, but we always managed to conclude that no car was quite in a class with Mayor Curley's own Pierce-Arrow and that no other chauffeur was really as skillful a driver as the mayor's. As for Mayor Curley himself, whether he was mayor, governor or out of office, he always remained Mayor Curley for us, or, more exactly, he remained Mayorcurley, a phrase as indivisible as damyankee.

I would not be reminiscing about the mayor, however, if there had not been an intimate core to our relationship. We talked a lot together,

CURLEY

practically every night except when he had company for supper. The Curleys lived next door to us, and it was my habit, and that of many of the other kids, to set out for the Curleys' veranda after finishing supper. It was a large screened-in veranda set higher than most of the others on Beach Avenue, at the top of a steep flight of stairs banked with boxes of blue hydrangeas. The wicker chairs there were wide and comfortable, and if, upon my arrival, I saw through the front window that the Curleys were still in the dining room, I plunked myself familiarly in a chair and took my ease, breathing in the stiff whiff of the geraniums in the flower boxes and listening to the tinkle those Chinese strips of glass made when the breeze stirred them. Ostensibly I was waiting for Paul and Leo, the Curley boys my age, to come out, but really I was waiting for the mayor.

I suppose that today, if I were trying to explain Mayor Curley's charm and appeal, I would come up with something on the order of "He liked people" or, "He understood kids" or some such behavior-motivation analysis striking like a sword to the heart of the matter. These would be correct, but I think it would be more correct simply to say that we found him a very interesting man. There were occasional nights when he was tired or preoccupied, but almost invariably he was in expansive good humor when he arrived on the veranda after coffee, a strong-smelling cigar in his mouth. Before you knew it he was telling you something interesting. I can't remember him talking politics ever. He talked about the leading entertainers of the day (like Will Rogers), about travel, about books ("I would advise you, if you are going to read Sax Rohmer's *Dr. Fu Manchu* at night, to keep all the lights in your room blazing"), about history, about the movies (Douglas Fairbanks in *The Thief of Bagdad* was so good, in his estimation, that he refused to discuss it for fear of ruining the enjoyment of the people who hadn't yet seen it), and above and beyond all other subjects he talked sports.



AT HIS NOBLE BEST, MAYOR CURLEY TOSSES OUT THE FIRST BALL AT 1933 OPENER

His stories were far more dramatic than those that appeared in the sports pages. Most of them were sketches of the high points in the careers of extraordinary stars we had heard very little about, if we had heard anything at all: Louis (Chief) Sockalexis, the full-blooded Penobscot Indian who had played the outfield for the old Cleveland National League team; Heinie Groh, the Giant infielder who had fashioned his distinctive bottle-shaped bat to help him cure his weakness in hitting the curve ball; Jim Thorpe and the Carlisle Indians and the year Carlisle beat Harvard by tucking the football under the back of one of the player's jerseys and achieving such total deception that the player walked unmolested until he was out in the clear and then sprinted the rest of the way to the goal without a soul near him; Harry Wills, who the mayor described as "the one man Dempsey was afraid to fight" but who Dempsey could probably beat "now that Wills has

continued

grown old and his bones have developed the brittleness of age." The mayor liked a good mouth-filling word like Sockalexis or Paavo Nurmi or Adolfo Luque or Paulino Uzcudun, though I think he was happiest of all when expounding the virtues of Eppa Jeptha Rixey, the tall Virginian who pitched for the Reds. "Eppa Jeptha



ANGLING GOVERNOR Curley in 1935 with Guide Masterson and RFC's Jesse Jones.

Rixey," he would proclaim sonorously. "He is a superb control pitcher, this Eppa Jeptha Rixey, and you must tell your father to take you to the ball park when Cincinnati next comes to town, so you can see Eppa . . . Jeptha . . . Rixey"—this last intoned oratorically like a man reading the inscription on an important Roman ruin.

The mayor's stories were so deeply fascinating that after more than one session—in which he had related the exploits of Lord Burghley, Roger Peckinpaugh, Joie Ray, Frank Gotch, Suzanne Lenglen, Battling Siki, Loren Murchison, Iron Man McGinnity, Gertrude Ederle or Walter Hagen—I harbored the suspicion that he was just making things up or at least going far beyond the facts, but I inevitably found I was wrong about this. He was simply attracted to the colorful and knew how to transmit his enthusiasm, and that is why, as he opened new and gleaming vistas in the world of sport to us kids, he created in us an enthusiasm on the same wave length as his own

Mayor Curley's love of sport was not only wide-ranging, it could be extremely detailed. When I learned much later in my life that one of his prime vote-getting techniques was satiric attacks on the Boston Brahmins, I was astonished, for few men ever followed Harvard track (which was first-class) more closely. One summer when the combined Oxford and Cambridge teams came over for a dual meet with Harvard and Yale, we had examined the probabilities so minutely during our sessions on the veranda that we had even concluded who would pick up third place in each event. I have never been that close to track and field since, and I look back with amazement at the depth of our knowledge. I do not know for a fact but I have an idea that part of the mayor's addiction to track and field was the result of his friendship with Arthur Duffey, then a sportswriter for the *Boston Post*, who had set a new world's record (9 3/5 seconds) for the 100-yard dash in 1902. Duffey was a fairly frequent visitor to Nantasket, and he had something of the mayor's elicitive friendliness. During one chat with him I remember feeling on such confidential terms that I told him I was a fairly fast runner but was slow off the mark and wondered what I could do to improve this. "I will tell you," he said, and in such a way that I felt he was going to divulge some secret, like shutting your eyes or sucking in your breath, that only a world's record holder could know. "The secret," Mr. Duffey went on, "is to practice starts. Get out there and practice, practice, practice." You should never talk to children that way. They are not ready for the facts of life.

These sessions on the veranda had a rambling form, like the *Jack Paar Show*, but occasionally an educative strain in Mayor Curley's personality would enter a dominant phase and he would conduct a question-and-answer bee to see how much of what he was telling us was sinking in. At other times, although I don't think it was consciously set up, he would use the interrogative as a means of introducing a new figure of importance.

"All right, then," he said one such evening as he tilted himself to the rest position in a rocker, "who would you say was the world's greatest all-round athlete?"

We told him that was easy. Jim Thorpe. He had talked about him on several evenings.

"No, I am not thinking of Thorpe," the mayor said. "I am thinking of a man who more currently has claim to being America's greatest all-round athlete."

A couple of limping nominations followed of men who played two sports. Seeing we were off the track, the mayor waved a hand through the cigar smoke in the gesture of "Cease." "Harold Osborn. Haven't I ever mentioned Harold Osborn?" he asked. We told him we had never heard the name before and that we never ran across it on the sports page.

"No, you wouldn't at that," he said meditatively. "No, you hear about Harold Osborn only every fourth year when the Olympics come round. Who is Harold Osborn? He has held our national decathlon championship more times than any other man. And what is the decathlon? Well, it comes from the Greeks. It is a cluster of 10 events. . . ." And so on and into a 10-minute disquisition on the decathlon.

ONE evening while our usual after-dinner group was sitting around, learning, perhaps, that Harry Greb fashioned his ring name by spelling his real name, Berg, backward, or that in one World Series game McGraw instructed his pitcher to throw the next one in the dirt to Babe Ruth, the mayor suddenly stopped the conversation by asking who was the girl on the beach turning the cartwheels. We told him it was only Margaret McCarthy; she was a girl about our age. "*Only* Margaret McCarthy," the mayor repeated with telling emphasis. "Well, I'll let you boys in on something. You can go where you like, to the stage shows at B. F. Keith's or to gymnastic exhibitions in Great Britain or on the European continent, and I very much doubt if you will see trained acrobats performing more graceful cartwheels than *only* Margaret McCarthy." He need say no more. We looked again at Margaret on the beach and we could see *now* that she turned beautiful cartwheels.

My, the mayor could be persuasive when he turned it on! The Curleys had a player piano and some wonderful rolls to go with it, among them, *Oh, Katerina, Love Nest, Valencia,* and *Cherie, Cherie, Je T'Aime* (which we decoded as being French for "Cherie, Cherie, you're tame"). One roll I never went for, though, was a

mournful ballad whose title I forget but which ended, roughly, with these lines:

The days can't all be sunny
For skies are not always blue.
When the day is done
I'm glad to be alone
At peace with the world
And the evening with you.

I should correct that earlier statement: I never went for that number until one evening when, just as the roll was finishing, the mayor called out to his son who was tending the piano, "Leo, stick that on again. That's a most beautiful tune. I could listen to it endlessly." I don't know quite how the change came about, because I was certain the mayor was wrong about that song, but within a matter of days I found I was beginning to appreciate that it possessed a certain melancholy sweetness that had somehow previously eluded me.

For a man who followed sports with his avidness, Mayor Curley was not conspicuous for his pursuit of physical exercise. He was well into his 50s then and his "bay window," though less majestic than William Howard Taft's, had long been a prominent and permanent part of his personal landscape, and it probably held him back. He contented himself, at any rate, with swimming and golf. The most remarkable aspect of his swimming was the amount of time it took him to cover the 75 to 250 yards (depending on whether the tide was in or out) from his house to the water. Accompanied by his constant cigar, he would start walking across the gravel in his clogs and red-and-blue-striped bathing suit and pause for half a dozen or more unhurried conversations—one with his chauffeur, one with Mrs. Curley (after retracing his steps back to the house), one (as he started forth again) with a neighbor's handyman, a few with his neighbors who suddenly would spring out of the beach grass, and a closing few with the Curley nursemaid and whoever else happened to be gathered around his umbrella. He obviously preferred conversation to the water for after diving into (or more accurately, falling into) two or three breaking waves and executing four or five yards in the Australian crawl (which meant he kept his face in the water), he would come striding slowly out of the ocean.

His golf swing, which he practiced now and then on the lawn, wasn't bad, and I could believe Paul and Leo when they told me he sometimes broke 100 and sometimes drove close to 180 yards. One spring when he formally opened the year's play on the Franklin Park municipal course, the newspaper accounts had his drive off the first tee whistling through the air like a bullet and coming to rest 225 yards down the fairway. I believed in Mayor Curley but there are some points past which your credulity simply will not budge, and I was convinced the newspapers must have made him out to be a better golfer than he was because he was a celebrity. Since that day I have had a hard time altering my suspicion of these things despite the fact that I have once or twice witnessed a celebrity play within seven shots of what was publicized as his average score.

AS I SAY, these things happened years ago and are part of the past I commune with hardly at all. When I was 11 I began going to camp in the summers, and my friendship with Mayor Curley went on the inactive list. Then, around 1932 or thereabouts, they gave up their Nantasket place and not long afterward we gave up ours. I never saw him again until the autumn of 1956. During that long interim I had to modify my boyhood estimate of Mayor Curley somewhat, for I had necessarily become aware of some of the less admirable facets of his political techniques, and these naturally clashed with the relatively idealist concepts of government which are the scars of a liberal education. When he was indicted in the 1940s for using the mails to defraud, found guilty and sent to jail, I felt very bad. He was a better man than that—an oldtime amoral political boss who had outlived his era, yes, but an essentially corrupt man, no. I remember discussing the whole enigmatic problem with my sister Git and at length agreeing that, bizarrely, the only thing we would not wish to do for Mayor Curley was vote for him.

In the autumn of 1956, when I did see him again, the occasion was a Stevenson dinner in Boston during the election campaign, which I attended with a group which included Git. I thought the mayor looked exceedingly well. I had expected to see a very aged man with the patina of someone stepping out of another century, but, aside from his hair being considerably grayer and his gait a shade more shuffling, he was hardly changed. As he was approaching the microphone to begin his address, the thought suddenly flashed through my mind that I had never heard him speak publicly before. That, of course, had been what he had been famous for—his speeches in which, it was said, he combined the rolling periods of the born orator with down-to-earth humor and a flair for story telling. Well, his gifts as a speaker had probably been exaggerated, too, I said to myself preparatively, and after all the old boy was now over 80. I hoped he wouldn't acquit himself too badly.

There was no need for these qualms. Mayor Curley could speak —and then some. He had, in fact,

continued

DRIVING MAYOR Curley amiably, if not professionally, steers trotter from sulky perch during ceremonies of the Charles River Speedway at Brighton, Mass. in August 1930.



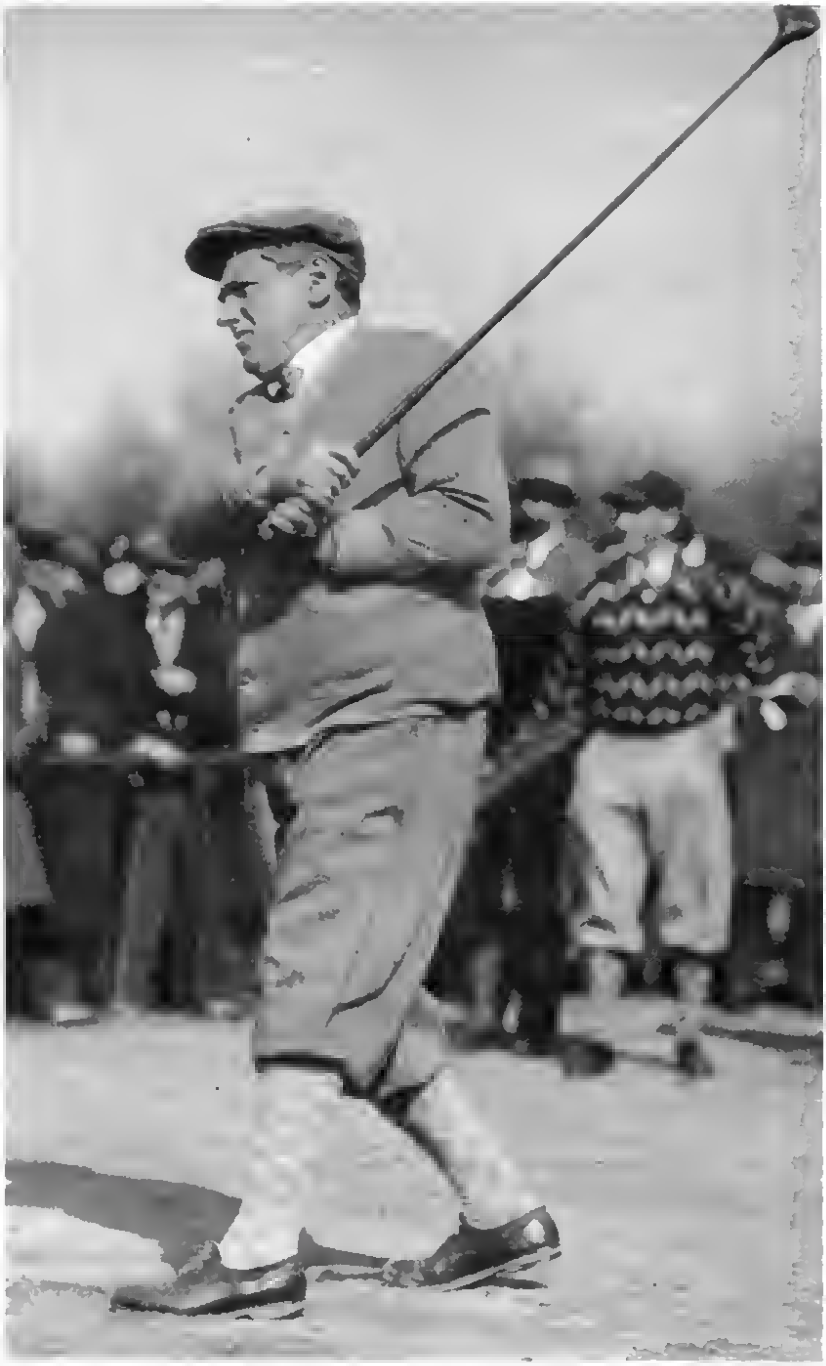
far greater artistry than anyone had claimed for him. The deep voice had the fiber and vigor of youth. His fluidity was astounding. He spoke without notes but there was never once the hint of groping for a word or an inflection. It all came out like a river. But what was really remarkable about the man was his timing. He was like Bob Hope in the way he would deliberately race ahead of his audience, wait for them to catch up with a humorous remark, and then, just as the laughter or applause began, he would embellish his first phrase with another crack and, at the right split second when the audience caught up with that one, he would be off and running again. A little later on he would let the audience rush past him and, standing still, as it were, cap the pause with a serious, slow-paced declaration he punched so hard it ricocheted off the chandeliers.

ALL I can remember of the content of his speech is one small segment, a rather typical one, fortunately. "If these were the old days," he said with a resonant wink, "I would advise you on election day to vote early and vote often. However, it has become apparent that times have become sadly altered and I must content myself with urging you to vote early."

This led him into a story about one pre-World War I mayoralty campaign in which he was not the candidate but in charge of getting out the vote for the Democratic Party. On election day one of his most faithful disciples, Mike Shea, a man who had fairly recently come over from Ireland and was employed on the city's construction projects, cast 24 ballots for the successful Democratic candidate. "Not too long after this," Curley went on, "Mike Shea came to me and told me he had lost his job with the city. I promised him he would be back on the payroll within the week, and I headed straight for City Hall and an audience with the new mayor.

" 'Now listen, Jim,' the mayor roared at me when I had hardly so much as got my foot inside his office, 'if it's about Mike Shea, forget it. There's no job for that man, and nothing you say will change my mind.'

" 'All right, your honor,' I replied to him. 'But in the interests of the party I think I should remind you that you enjoyed a very small majority in this last election in which Mike Shea voted for you 24 times. Consider this: in the next election he may vote against you.' "



BETTER-THAN-AVERAGE GOLFER CURLEY BROKE 100 DESPITE AN ANGUISHED SWING

Mayor Curley vanished from the dais immediately after finishing his speech, and so, although I had thought of going up to say hello, I never did get to. I am sorry I didn't. For all my reservations about his approach to statesmanship, as I had grown older I had come to value the lasting pleasures that had resulted, and would continue to, for all of us who had sat around with him on the veranda and had been touched by his zest and the ubiquity of his interest—particularly in the world of sport. Furthermore, as I was getting old enough to realize, the people one gets to know in boyhood are in a special category. Your friendship for them rests on the very simple basis of whether you like them and like being with them, and since there are no secondary purposes involved, you seem to see them wholly and directly and your understanding lasts a lifetime. **END**

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

BASKETBALL ISSUE: OPPORTUNISTS

Sirs:

We are taking this opportunity to heartily congratulate you for the truly outstanding basketball edition of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (SI, Dec 8), in which you covered the college game so well and so completely.

W. R. SCHROEDER
Helms Athletic Foundation
Los Angeles

Sirs:

Basketball! Bah!

GEORGE TAYLOR
Washington, D.C.

BASKETBALL ISSUE: A GAME FOR THE BIRDS?

Sirs:

Shirley Povich's article, *Basketball Is for the Birds*, was very much out of place.

It's amazing how basketball baiters so loosely charge any tall hoopster with being a goon. If Mr. Povich ever elects to attend a game, he will quickly realize that today's Bill Russells, Bob Pettits, Kenny Sears, etc. are universally admired for their gracefulness, rather than known for the awkwardness that was associated with their predecessors of 15 to 20 years ago. Furthermore, not every fellow who plays basketball today is a giant, as evidenced by the game's No. 1 star Bob Cousy (6 feet 1), Slater Martin (5 feet 10), Larry Costello and many, many others.

Among his countless charges, Mr. Povich makes two unfair attacks against the rules and referees in particular. First, he says the officials blow their whistles too often and, secondly, they are actors. He attends games so rarely that he fails to realize that by the very nature of the uniform basketball is not supposed to be indoor football.

Mr. Povich expresses a desire to have the game revert to the day where "a game could be comfortably won by a team total of 26 points." How ridiculous can an "expert" become? In the days when a team won with 26 points, the losers usually got 19. This would give a total of 45 points for the game. Let's analyze this. Of these 45 points, it is safe to assume that 13 of the points came from the foul line, thus leaving 32 points, or 16 baskets, between the two teams. Since today's hoopsters cage about one-third of their shots, the players would attempt around 50 shots from the floor. Can anyone imagine an audience today sitting in on a contest where the likes of an Oscar Robertson or Bailey Howell would not take more than 50 shots in the course of 40 minutes of playing time?

WILLIAM G. MOKRAY
The Boston Celtics
Boston

Sirs:

Shirley Povich is so right! And I admire his guts for really speaking his mind.

There must be millions in this land of ours that would love to see some *real* basketball once again.

M. M. BARRY
Uniontown, Pa.

Sirs:

Shirley Povich's *Basketball Is for the Birds* is for the birds.

THOMAS H. PEEBLES
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sirs:

His humour is that of an elderly elephant.

ROBERT J. DWYER
Milwaukee

Sirs:

I'm with Povich. He gets my vote as humanitarian of the year.

GRANVILLE F. KIBBEE
Gardena, Calif.

Sirs:

If Mr. Povich thinks basketball is for the birds, then so is he.

SANDY BABCOCK
Meadville, Pa.

Sirs:

If you hear a loud voice from the land of Bierkase and bleu cheese don't be disturbed; it will be the writer uttering a few lusty "huzzas" for Shirley Povich.

Like Mr. Povich, I have reached the point of extreme nausea at the spectacle of a whistle-happy referee risking a coronary in his attempt to make a sporting spectacle out of the antics of a group of people who would look far more at home in a circus sideshow. I am tired of boxcar scores. I am beginning to suspect that the men who write and administer the rules for today's basketball are suffering from some psychological disturbance which makes physical contact with an opponent distasteful.

Someplace along the way the rules committee must have picked up a handbook by one of the early—very early—bloomer girl squads. How else could we have reached the present deplorable situation?

W. E. DENT
Racine, Wis.

Sirs:

Mr. Povich states, in *Basketball Is for the Birds*, that the second shot is awarded only if the first is missed. The direct opposite of this is correct, and he need only consult the current basketball rules to verify this. He may find it in Rule 10, Section 7: Penalty.

Mr. Povich's misunderstanding of this basic rule further indicates to me why he has ceased to be a basketball fan. He belongs to that vast group which includes all fans, most players and a few coaches who *do not know the rules of basketball.*

TERENCE A. KILKENNY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

BASKETBALL ISSUE: DREAM TEAM

Sirs:

I would like to express my congratulations to you and Artist Russell Hoban for his magnificent portraits and radiant narrations of *The Dream Team.* This artistic essay seems to fuse all players' talents, and then extract five gods of the cage kingdom.

FRANKLIN L. BROSGOL
Philadelphia

Sirs:

I like Artist Russell Hoban's paintings and descriptions of the players on *The Dream Team.* I agree with him as far as he goes, but he left out two very important men.

One of these two men is the coach. The coach should be a middle-aged man about 5 feet 11 tall and weighing a respectable 200 pounds. He should have a very wise look about him.

The other man to make this dream team the perfect team should be able to play either guard or forward. He should be 6 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 220 pounds. He would be capable of replacing any man on the team. His abilities would include the rare trait of stealing the ball like a magician as well as scoring from anywhere on the court. His presence would allow the team to break fast, press full court, have a double pivot or increase the height of the team. The only reason that he is not one of the starters is that the rules allow only five men on the floor.

W. JACK ALSTON
Concord, N.C.

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Pat on the Back

Tom Jellema



DON McCAIN

'I bet we could beat anybody'

IT is unlikely that any football team in the country closed the season with as splendid a triumph as did the squad shown above with their trophy football. They are the Rams of the Crippled Children's Hospital and School of Sioux Falls, S.D., a nimble ball club which crushed a team made up of Don Miller and Jim Crowley—two of Notre Dame's legendary Four Horsemen —and four professional coaches. The now-famous passing combination of Quarterback Randy Peterson (*second from left*) to speedy right end Walter DeMarrias (*extreme left*) was in large measure responsible for the 12-6 upset. But, as they say on the sports pages, the lopsided score was not indicative of the aggressive play by the always spirited, if hopelessly outclassed, losers.

The pro-opposition met the children on even terms: they played the game from wheelchairs and scooters, which is the only way the children can move around. The game was the idea of Don McCain, a 35-year-old educator who is the bospital-school's physical education director. McCain has organized over a dozen sports from table tennis and archery to swimming and volley ball. "Sports competitions are a fine physical and emotional experience for many of them, and it is something they can follow all their lives." The children get so caught up that they have organized their own cheering sections and tbeir confidence runs high. "You know," said an eighth-grader after the football game, "if we did this more often I bet we could beat anybody."

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